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Lukens



JETS AND FLASHES

BY

ERRATIC ENRIQUE,

THE "NEW YORK NEWS"-MAN.

Have you Liked it yet?

ILLUSTRATED BY

RENÉ BACHE.

"An infinite deal of nothing."

Merchant of Venice.

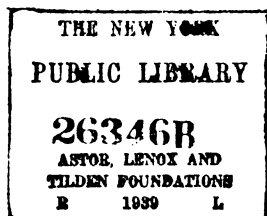
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NEW YORK:

JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY,

14 AND 16 VESEY STREET.

1883



Copyright, by
HENRY CLAY LUKENS,
1883.

TO THE MIRTHFUL MILLIONS.

THIS literary froth has been skimmed from various originalities recently contributed to the periodical humorous press of America. It likewise presents a modicum of that editorial spice which, since 1877, has made the "Pith and Point" column of New York's leading one cent newspaper a proverb in the land of Grin. Once upon a time [or about that period] I was moved to write: "Happy thoughts make snappy books"; the correctness of which dogma, as well as the fate of this harmless volume, must be decided by those whom Samuel Lover called his "darling public."

H. C. L.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, June, 1883.



MRS. PARTINGTON TO ERRATIC ENRIQUE.

A task sublime is his who makes essay,
With sweetest love, to cultivate life's flowers,
And set abloom their beauties by the way,
To cheer and gladden many saddened hours;
To pour sweet sympathy by kindly words,
And soften the asperity of pain,
As falls the cadence of the summer birds
Amid the chilling presence of the rain.
The optimistic soul that thus reveals,
In deeds beneficent, takes form divine,
And life's true meaning to the eye unseals,
Lit by God's loving care, if cloud or shine.
If such be so, dear Lukens, 'tis to thee
The praise, the honor, the reward must be.

B. P. SHILLABER.

MORRISANIA, N. Y., May 17, 1888.



STARTLING INTELLIGENCE!

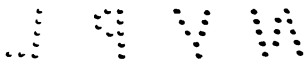
THE BODY IDENTIFIED!!

[From the *Boston Daily Globe*, December 24, 1882.]

THERE is a good deal of fun, of wit, humor and sarcasm in the New York papers, but nevertheless there are few professedly funny men employed thereon. On the staff of the *News* is Henry Clay Lukens, more generally known as "Erratic Enrique," whose column of "Pith and Point" in that paper is full of his mingled philosophy and fun, expressed in terse sentences. His matter and manner bear some resemblance to those of Josh Billings, except that he has not the elaborate innocence that characterizes Josh's productions, and uses sensible or at least accepted English orthography. Perhaps his greatest peculiarity is the amount of meaning he can pack into one of his short sentences. They have a gayly turned expression, but there is usually a sound and serious intention below the effervescence of his humor. He is always kindly, too, and thinks that "there can be no true ripple of laughter at another's

expense." He believes thoroughly in mirth and jollity, and declares that "Merriment pays a larger dividend than melancholy, for its stock is never watered by the tears of regret."

By nativity Mr. Lukens is a Pennsylvanian, having been born in the county of Philadelphia in 1838. He has wandered about a good deal, both in and out of the United States. His journalistic predilection began to manifest itself at an early date, for when only seventeen he contributed in both verse and prose to various daily and weekly papers. Two years later, in conjunction with Oliver Dickin-son Martin and George Alfred Townsend, he founded a paper at Philadelphia, which they called *The School Journal*. He has lived a busy mercantile and professional life, and has found time also for travel and literary work. The half-Spanish pseudonym under which his writings are known was adopted as a signature to press letters written in Brazil and Uruguay during 1874 and 1875. Since 1877 he has been on the editorial staff of the New York *Daily News*, and about five years ago projected and has since managed its widely-quoted "Pith and Point" column. He was one of the original staff of *The Judge*, and his name has been among the contributors to *Puck*. He has written *also* for other papers and magazines. Among his



newspaper contributions is a New York letter to the *Texas Siftings*, always racy and versatile, under the heading, "Hits and Haps in Giddy Gotham." He has published several volumes, "The Marine-Circus at Cherbourg;" "Lean Nora" (a travesty on the German ballad "Lenore"), which was republished in London, and the "Story of the Types." He is preparing also a history of American humor, which will be a valuable addition to American literature. He was in active army service during the civil war. Nor has he escaped the common fate of the funny man, who seems to be inevitably drawn towards the lecture platform. And in addition to all this he has occasionally drifted into poetry.

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JETS AND FLASHES.

NOT A PUFF.



We scent it everywhere except where it should ever be sent. We buy it for half-a-dime, ten cents, three-for-a-quarter, and eight-for-a-dollar, and (in our midnight obliviousness) pay as high as fifty cents for a single weed. But whatever the price, the rank is always the same, and just as rank as the most pungent imagination can conceive. Aboard the crowded ferry-boat it continually erects its odorous, malignant crest. Street-car platforms (front and back) are unceasingly defiled by its army of occupation. The lobbies of hotels, theatres and dining-halls are thickly frescoed with its vile layers of smoke, and on the decks of excursion steamers it successfully defies the perfumes of gaudy Fashion, and even the ambient sea-breeze itself. Redolence is satirized by the cloudlets of

the permeative cigar. Its aroma is a shabby burlesque on the word "Fragrant." Oh, for the guileless days of honest Cuba sixes, which any man could well afford to owe for. Call you this half-burnt, leather-tainted abomination a Victoria Reina? Ah, if I only had three minutes spare time with the bland liar that sold it to me, by my disgusted palate and nostrils, the specious rascal would be promptly knocked Key West!

A LANDMARK.

"What's that big granite building across yonder?" demanded a sun-tanned tiller of the virgin soil, of a Park Row policeman, who was gazing with rapture at something more than the boot-heel of a tidy-dressed feminine stepping into a Yorkville car.

"Ashtore House!" gruffly replied the imported peace-conservator.

And to this hour the bewildered granger is uncertain whether the famous hotel erected by John Jacob is "a store house" or "oyster house." Of such is the felicity of brogue.

Adversity never spits on its hands to get a good *clutch* at the toiling sons of Adam.



A HARMONIOUS LOCALITY.

Within half a dozen years one of New Hampshire's best-known judges has granted two hundred and twenty-seven divorces. None of the couples thus legally separated lived in Concord.

THE LEATHER MEDDLE.

"Pointed shoes are revived," said our fashion reporter, as he hastily withdrew from the presence of his darling's vehement papa.

"Upon my sole, I toed the mark that time!" gleefully muttered the old man.

THE RISING GENERATION.

"Yes, sir," said the old man proudly, "that's my boy, and he's a smart one; full of ambition!" The next evening I saw the ambitious youth, but he was full of beer.

"HAND" THIS 'ROUND.

If a man has two forefingers, that's eight fingers besides four other fingers on each paw, making a total of sixteen fingers, and yet the actual count is only ten. There's thumb-thing queer about digital numeration.

REVENGE IS SWEET.

He was "a froward fretful child" from Chatham Four Corners, and came sliding into the editorial den loaded to the muzzle with vaccinated conundrums. Nobody looked up, but he didn't blink at that. "When did the *carte blanche*?" he fiendishly yelled. The office boy says he never had such a tough job of scrubbing in all his life, and that he can't get half the blood stains off the wall. Our apologies are hereby tendered to the coroner for omitting to leave enough of the remains for him to sit on. It was a sudden but necessary funeral.

A SAMPLE ADVERTISEMENT.



BOARD WANTED—BY A YOUNG Gentleman and wife; third-floor rooms, southern exposure; location 14th to 23d st., 5th to 7th av. preferred; no "hash house," or "place where everything is show and nothing to eat," need answer.

This "young gentleman" is of a very numerous class, which, like the paupers, we have always with us. He thinks well of his wife and stomach. He doesn't intend that his darling shall drudge at light or heavy housekeeping, nor *his* appetite or hers be *cajoled* with vulgar and indefinite "hash." He has *no objection* to style, but it must *not* be paid for by

stint. There is a bit of cheap satire in the conditions he imposes. Let us read between the lines. It has been well said that beggars ever have an ambition to ride high. Now this particular young Benedict proves that he's an upstart; first, by dubbing himself "a gentleman" (elastic phrase, that!); and secondly, by a desire to occupy "third-floor rooms." As he asks for a "southern exposure," I will give him one in the farthest circulated of the southern papers. Again, suppose him to be what he claims—"a gentleman." There can be no doubt of his youth, for none but a very young man would thus parade himself and his gourmandish prejudices in type, at forty cents per line. Being a gentleman, as we are willing to allow, he must needs reside in what is ordinarily styled "a genteel neighborhood." Yet he wants to save a dollar or two in rent of rooms, for young as he is, well he knows that during the spring and summer months the warm, sunny rooms command less price. Now, let us consider his greatest anxiety, the table. It has been my observation that those exacting ones, with variable or dainty appetites, who growl the most at the quality of their daily feed, have rarely, if ever, in childhood's bread-and-'lasses hours, been accustomed to so good. It must be admitted, however, that there is too much sham in the general

run of our uptown boarding houses. I have occasionally dined at Madame Elite's, one of the swellest of the swell private caravansaries in the vicinity of Madison Square, and arisen hungry after dawdling through a dozen courses of French tantalization. The hollow echo of a man's stomach, after such an experience, resolves itself into a plaintive yawp for well-done roast beef and mealy potatoes, with gravy *ad libitum*. When Mallock asked "Is life worth living?" the conundrum was answered: "Yes, indeed, if you don't try to live in a fashionable boarding house." May it never be the lot of the third-floor gentleman, with the Southern wife and young exposure, is my earnest wish.



"Look before you lip," was a cautionary maxim copyrighted by the hotel clerk who had kissed an Ethiopian chambermaid in the dark.

"Ould Shipmates!" exclaimed Barney O'Tripp, as he read the play-bill; "ould ship mates, is it? Begorra, and they must mane the canned beef!"

Augusta Evans, the novelist, is bold and bad enough to remark that "the clearest thinkers of the world have had soft spots in their brains." Here's looking at you, Gussie dear!

"What a change," exclaims the novelist, Roe, "one little woman can make in a man's life!" Exactly; and what a heap of "change" she requires while doing it.

LITERARY DODGE.

Margery Deane's idea in offering "European Breezes" to the public, was not only to raise the wind, but also to blow about her trip abroad.

I met a tired porter t'other day, who reminded me of *Marmion*, in Sir Walter's dramatic poem. "He doffed his cask, and felt free air." It was a keg of lager he had been toting for several blocks, with old Phœbus in the zenith.

When I see a man spoiling for a fight I always sincerely hope that he may be spoiled in the fight.

Every perfect woman's understanding is two feet thick.

When enthusiasm knows no bounds it is bound to get a rebound.

I once lived next door but one to a retired wagon-builder, who frequently remarked that he much preferred the shafts of wit to the tongue of venom.

"The key to every man is his thoughts," and his thoughts often whisk off to whiskey.

The maiden who dropped from a rope-ladder into the arms of her eager lover was like a bankrupt insurance company. Why? Because she was in the hands of a receive-her.

Oysters have not entirely ceased to pan out. Don't read this stew your girl with a robust appetite that opens and shuts bivalves.

He who is too dumb to spend money for other people's enjoyment is smart enough to provide for the welfare of his own family.

Let the man of the house lose his head, and see *how quickly the wife of his bosom will find her tongue.*

The school-boy who was rather sensitive about sitting down after the teacher had whaled him, was heard to contritely murmur: "I stand corrected, sir!"

Scratching a candidate for office is the usual method of scraping an acquaintance.

No modern American politician ever acutely suffered from a virulent attack of unselfishness.

Billy Casket is a soulless undertaker on the East Side. Somebody who had found that marriage was not altogether a continuous gush of affection, recently asked Billy what was the best thing for a man to do when he found that his wife was growing cold. And the imperturbable, business-like wretch deliberately answered: "Why, send for me to take her measure for the latest improved hidden hinge rosewood box!"

Among the "boys" Jobson had often boasted that he didn't know what fear was. Yesterday we met him in company with his wife, and he was meekly toting a two-year-old heir and a half-dozen awkward parcels.

Quack doctors should be well ducked in the flood of tears shed by their victims.

THE COUNSELLOR'S SON.

"Stop that!" yelled one-of-the-finest, as he caught a ragged urchin, about the size of a vinegar cruet, industriously vandalizing the lower steps of a Gramercy Park chateau. "Stop it, I say, or I'll run you in!"

"Sho!" exclaimed the dilapidated youth, "what do I care? Dad's a lawyer."

"Where does he live, and what does he call himself?" was the double-barrelled inquiry of No. 982.

"He hangs out in Mott street," said the bold, bad boy, "and his name's Marks."

"Marks! what Marks?"

"Chalk-marks"—and the grinning lump of poverty narrowly dodged the policeman's flying club, as it carromed on the resounding flag-stones.

WHAT IT WAS.

The sunset gun went echoing across the bay and provoked one who was a stranger to the methods of Governor's Island to inquire: "What's that?"

"That," said a First Ward administration rounder, "is what's left of the Hancock boom."

The scope of the mind can never be accurately gauged by the capacity of the mouth.

ON A TEAR.



Fitz Fangle was a susceptible citizen with a bright footsure before him. Gayly he ambled along one of the toniest of Manhattan's dirt-piled avenues. Suddenly his off foot cavorted on an upturned banana hide, and he sat down on the unsympathizing pavement to make a careful memorandum of the score. As he did so, he was so unfortunate as to split the difference between the strain on his braces and the back seam of his French cassimeres. Then, as he held his shattered raiment in both hands and his breath with astonishment, he felt that the future had, somehow or other, gone behind him.

AT FULTON MARKET.

"Phat's yere woife's name, Tim?" asked Mr. Barney O'Skimp, an expert oyster-stabber, of his newly-married friend, Callaghan.

"Caroline," said Tim, "but I call her Carrie."

"Carrie," echoed O'Skimp, "why that wad be a good name fur a faymale irrand-boy."

Slander is the dynamite of speech.

A VOCAL REEF.

In the high-toned vicinage of Crescent avenue, Jersey City, resides a man whose opinion is not worth the asking. The reason is that he is invariably over-prompt in ventilating it. A few nights ago there was a street row in which he hastened to get mixed, just as soon as he observed that the police had quelled it. The fight had actually covered less than four minutes, but our pig-headed orator delivered himself thus: "Where is the boasted majesty of the law? Pretty conservators of peace and order you chaps are. Never about when you're wanted. This shindy has been goin' on for more than half an hour. Nice guardians you are, now ain't you? Draw your salaries a darn sight quicker'n your clubs, don't you? What do you think we pay taxes for, eh?"—and an overflowing repletion of similar eloquent query. At last one of the "cops" (with a sneer on his lip and a seal-ring on his little finger) grabbed the local Demosthenes and marched him at double-quick to the foot of his own door-stoop. Then in a voice quivering with cardamom, the blue-garbed peeler hissy hoarsed: "Old man, there's your road. Put up and shut up!" The citizen's rhetoric has been close-hauled ever since.

"ERRATIC ENRIQUE" CANDIDLY THINKS

That when an artist's life draws to a close the artist, himself, has nearly done drawing.

That the fops who lumber up a theatre lobby after the performance ought to be floored.

That there are two things that no man can rely on: Proving an alibi and the indorsement of a note.

That while the cards of invitation to public banquets are elegantly gotten up, the food itself is quite vulgarly put down.

That they call them boarding-schools because parents and guardians have to plank down for so many extras.

That the boy who sincerely loves his mother will never disgrace himself.

That an air of abstraction isn't breezy enough to fan an idea into life.

That most people take more stock in the diamond dust of chat than in the auriferous yield of silence.

That Charity hath a short argument, but a long reach.

That there's many a blister which is entirely too fly.

That you must collect both your thoughts and your baggage when about to start on a journey; and

it is best to be careful that you don't stumble into another man's "traps."

That in the conservatories of the affluent, Humility is a drooping flower.

That the hosier, who keeps a standing advertisement, is constantly stocking his column with items of the right stripe.

That there is quite a difference between being raised at Court and being brought up in a court.

That Archimedes invented the slang phrase, "Give ~~the~~ a rest," when he offered to move the world with his lever.

That the truth-teller is abroad and a long way off.

As I strolled along the Bowery my attention was drawn to a poor, uneducated man, who, though he had never been taught the rudiments of mathematics, set down a long row of figures in front of a wholesale clothing house. Of course they were "dummies" like himself.

Good ale, like the nightly firmament, is most admired for its sparkling condition.

There's a notion's difference between fine writing and deep thought.

WHAT WE CALL MONEY.

In his "Thesaurus," worthy old Dr. Roget says it is cash, funds, bullion, coin, dust, shiners, tin, blunt, rhino, specie, the needful, etc. Washington Irving canonized it as "the almighty dollar." Here in slangy America it is further nominated in the bonds as capital, pewter, ducats, greenbacks, stamps, boodle, spondulix, rags, shekels, brads, hard stuff, stakes, divvy, scrip, lucre, dingbats, pocket-lining, coupons, padding, soap, root-of-evil, cent-per-cent, retainer, bar-veneer, sugar, tough-to-get, easy-to-go, sinews-of-war, letter-of-introduction, character-test, and titles *ad infinitum*.

An indolent man is never inclined to decline a recline.

It is a touching farewell, when affectation gives you the tips of its fingers in lieu of a vigorous good-bye grasp.

"May the best man win" the pretty bridesmaid, unless she's already engaged.

A Virginia paper is called *The Wedge*. Its editor no doubt supports a split ticket.

"What are your views of Europe, my dear sir?" patronizingly queried the ubiquitous note-book mauler, as he poised his ready pencil. "Mostly stereoscopic," was the curt reply of the travel-stained Senator.

Fitz Herbert Von Alstyne, who has taken up his residence among the highlands of Greene county, writes us that he is raising a calf. We are really glad to learn that Fritz has begun to support himself.

"How villany doth flourish!" said the forger, as he successfully imitated a writing teacher's signature.

JERSEY JOTS.

1.

Peter Cooper White is one of the blooming philanthropists of Saddle River. We called upon him one morning last week just as he was reading a letter from a chronic pensioner. Mr. P. C. White was evidently nettled, for as he turned to welcome us he tossed the offending missive on the live coals and muttered: "In—grate!" To our mind it was *an all-fired timely jest*, but Peter seemed unconscious of it.

II.



Hon. Jay Gould Guzzle is an ex-judge of someting-or-tother. Getting into his house about 2 o'clock A.M., after a Hacken-sack lodge supper, he made a zig-zag plunge into his wife's dressing-room and squatted on a newly-arrived band-box.

"O, you brute!" yelled his spouse, "you've mashed my bonnet."

"Ha!" said Guzzle, "that (hic) puts me'n mind (hic) of 'nundrum. Why 'm like I-rish emigrant, dar-lar-ling? 'Cause, ye see, I'm (hic) sittin' on the style, Mary!"

Madame Guzzle was fairly paralyzed with wrath.

III.

Little Jack Horner Smith lives at Rahway. He has an unappeasable appetite for pastry, like his namesake in the book.

"Now, Jack," said his father, pausing in the disciplinary shingle exercise, "what ever made you eat the whole of that pie?"

Jack partially stopped his howling, and muttered :
 "Cos, pa, you told me (boo-hoo) never to do things by halves."

Mr. Horner was entirely satisfied, and at once adjourned that executive session.

 IV.


ELIZUR ELTONHEAD is one of the political dignitaries and convivial highcockalorums of West Hoboken. That is, he's of some consequence when away from the inside of his own roof-tree. Mrs. E. E. [maiden front name Melissa] rather flatters herself as being sole dignitary on the Eltonhead hearth-rug.

"You got in *early*!" was the unnecessarily emphatic remark of Madame as she sat bolt upright at two in the morning and gazed contemptuously at her bibulous one, who tugged at a knot in his shoelacer.

"Yes'm; y'shee that 'ere meetin' o' ours broke up (hie) kinder sud-hudden like," replied Elizur, getting the string loosened at last and kicking his brogan into a corner of the room opposite to that in which he had already landed the other shoe.

"How came the meeting to break up so suddenly?" was the next question.

"Why, y'shee, Lisshy dear, everyshing fell through, an' we 'journed, ash the papers say (hie), shiny dye."

"And you came straight home?"

"Yes'm, straight's legs 'd carry me."

"Poor little man!" said his wife, "what better could I expect from a husband whom nature cruelly adorned with a pair of hemisphere shanks?"

And with a patrician sniff of the bourbon-laden ambient, sarcastic Mrs. E. turned her *retrousse* nostrils squarely to the north wall.

Brutus was such an honorable man that he never licked a Roman postage stamp behind its back.

How much easier it is to discharge a servant than a duty.

When a stern father wants the key to his boy's ill-doing, he takes several whacks impressions.

An 80-year-old, gray-bearded hermit in Virginia will speak with no man. They have sent a woman to interview him.

The oldest families are sometimes the meanest.



THE TRAGEDY OF TYPES.

TOM TRIPOD was an editor,
Who boasted of his skill,
But whose effusions, printers said,
Were only fit to "kill."

He likewise bragged of
family rank,
With bold, unblushing
face,
Till Slug, the foreman,
snickered out,
"This minion's lower
case!"

Now Tripod loved a lovely
love,

A maiden without guile,
Who, when he asked her to be his,
Replied: "Well, I should smile!"

And so she did, upon his suit
Of store clothes, newly bought
With double column, display ad.,
By wholesale dealer sought.

So they were wed and duly went
Upon a bridal trip,
While Slug, at home, to fill the "form"
With shears began to clip.

And when he had enough of "mail,"
He seized a Faber stub
To write a leaded "leader" on
The mysteries of grub.

He then attacked the county judge,
The parson and his flock,
And gave the governor special fits,
And hit the mayor a knock.

He called the rival papers all
The names he could invent,
Then cut his "takes" and told the boys
He didn't care a cent.

They set them all, and such a roar
As greeted Tripod home
Was equal to a blizzard blast,
Or fall of the Vendome.

The slandered judge with cowhide slashed,
The parson stormed like mad,
While mayor and council hinted strong
He'd seen his last town ad.

Poor Tripod was completely floored
And wore a doleful mug,
But like a guilty, tainted thing,
Cringed artful Simeon Slug.

But Tom forgave him graciously,
Drank off the bitter cup,
Resolved no more to go abroad,
And now is write side up.

A chum of ours had anticipated a trip to Europe,
but when we questioned him about it, he dolefully
replied: "No Mont Blanc or Jungfrau for me, my
boy; they come too high."

THE NOMADIC "NIGGAH."

To the Editors of Texas Siftings :

Greeting:—"Befo' de wah," an ebony-hued, wide-grinning apostle of Southern prevarication was counted in with farm stock. You knew precisely



where to find him. When he wasn't hovering about the hen-roost, he was in the corn-field ; when he tired of loafing around the smoke-house he got some "wums fo' bait" and went fishing ; and when too lazy to humor a nibble, he tried a prolonged nap in the meadow grass. You could always put your clutch on him after a little hunting,

except on those startling occasions when he permitted himself to be seduced from the toothsome hominy and hoe-cake and engaged himself as a section hand on the celebrated Kentucky and Canada underground railway. But since that mutual understanding at Appomattox, by and between Robert Edmund Lee, late of Arlington, Virginia, deceased, and Ulysses Simpson Grant, now resident of New York city, things have greatly changed ; and among *ther mutations*, none have been greater than the

transfluency (so to speak) of our tinted fellow citizen. He has begun to travel and expand, and thereby depends the narrative.

Like consistency, ORIGINALITY (set it in small caps, please) may be nominated among the jewels. And it has many variations and definitions. How vividly I remember, away back in eighteen hundred and fifty—let's see—yes it was panic year, 1857—I was one third boss of a Philadelphia monthly. "Gath" Townsend well remembers it, as he told you (brother Knox) on a recent evening when we all tumbled on to each other at Niblo's famed theatrical garden. That journalistic venture is still fruitful of reminiscence. One day a chance acquaintance brought in some album verses and requested me to sling them into brevier type as a special favor. I read the lines, and said: "Why, they're pretty good, Tom; are they original?" Giving me a scornful look, he replied: "*Original*, no! What do you take me for? Why, confound your impudence, I wrote 'em myself!"

I had that interview frosted by a Market Street confectioner, so that it would keep.

And now for the why and wherefore of preamble and anecdote.

Some weeks ago (how many I am not exactly advised) this paragraph appeared in *Texas Siftings*:

"A colored porter in an Austin store asked the proprietor for a day's leave of absence. 'What's up now?' 'Dar's a niggah gwine-ter git married, and I oughter be present to see him fru'.' 'Who is this colored man at whose wedding you have to be present?' 'I'se de niggah, boss.'"

I've been at a deal of pains to hunt the fountain head of that item, and for good reasons. One night recently I heard it retailed by a prominent Broadway hotel man, and he gave the honor of that identical conversation to one of his own waiters. It was well told and brand new to me, so I deliberately wrote it up and sent it as a part of my regular "Giddy Gotham" to the very paper in which it had originally been printed. Back it came in MS., and endorsed in that bold, clerkly, anybody-can-read-it-across-the-street business hand of the tallest Sifter: "Very good, but we started it months ago. K."

So you did, as I had found out to my chargin when the files were explored.

Well that "niggah" is still jaunting around. The American paragrapher seems determined to localize him. To-day he is in Memphis, and tomorrow in Boston. Here he pops up at Detroit. Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, St Louis, Racine, Des Moines and Jacksonville have all claimed him. *Anon* he hangs out (like an auctioneer's red flag) at

Cincinnati. This is the way the arrival is announced by a Kentucky daily paper which ought to be ashamed of the piracy:

"A colored porter in a *Louisville* store asked the proprietor for a day's leave of absence. 'What's up now?' 'Dar's a niggah gwine ter git married, and I oughter be present to see him fru'.' 'Who is this colored man at whose wedding you have to be present.' 'I'se de niggah, boss.'"

Of course he will keep a-going, as long as there's an easy well-greased pair of editorial shears on the continent.

Ah, newspaper humor, where is thy blush! Editorial kleptomaniæ, where thy victory?

ERRATIO ENRIQUE.

P. S.—LATER: I have a meagre but very select foreign mail. It has just come to hand; and as I tear the wrappers and glance up this column and down t'other one, I find that many old friends are abroad. Can it be? Yes, it is a staring, flaming fact. Sit still, my prophetic soul! That "niggah" has actually landed at Waterford, Ireland. They are determined "ter see him fru'."

"The thyme is out of joint!" exclaimed Hamlet, when he discovered that the head cook at Elsinore had forgotten to season his roast beef.

BARNABY BOLIVAR BLINKS.

[IN FOUR SPASMS.]

CONVULSION FIRST.



'M a freshman at Yale, as was dad-
dy before me ;

The girls of New Haven, egad,
they adore me—

I ogle these pets,

And smoke cigarettes,

And pay, like a prince, for my
own round of drinks,

As gentlemen always should do,
methinks;

And my name it is Barnaby Bolli-
var Blinks.

CONVULSION SECOND.

I was at my own christening, so the nurse told me,
It took both grandmas and three aunties to hold me;

I was named 'mighty quick,

For the parson, so slick,

Dashed some water from one of the baptismal sinks,

And, despite my grimaces, my wriggles or winks,

He said : " You are Barnaby Bolivar Blinks."

CONVULSION THIRD.

I'm an adept at billiards, and lucid at poker;

Somewhat of a wag, but no heartless joker—

My mustaches I urge,

And cut quite a splurge,

With a hired turnout, when I drive Maudie Jinks,

Who for tippet and muff may thank sundry minks,

And charge hugs and kisses to B. Bolivar Blinks.

CONVULSION FOURTH.

Though at a scrub-race I'm a capital timer,
 I never was much of a newspaper rhymers—
 So accept this, dear *Judge*,
 And owe me no grudge
 Because I snap short on the metrical links;
 My muse is so dwarfish, it modestly shrinks
 Behind the cognomen, B. Bolivar Blinks.

Hundreds of young men are wanted to make
 themselves generally useful. They can begin by
 permitting lamp-posts and hotel portico columns to
 support themselves.

"Turn about is fair play," said the drill-master,
 as he right-faced an awkward squad.

As the pen is mightier than the French bayonet
 exercise, so is the lead pencil stiffer than a felt hat.

It doesn't in the least puzzle the scientists why a
 man whose body is riddled with bullets gives up the
 enigma of life.

When a convict is put to making shoes he can
 still protest his innocence to the last.

Men of snap are wanted to sell spring-lock trunks.

THE MISLAID MANUSCRIPT.

Assisted by Central Park moonlight, I sauntered aimlessly, and communed with nature and a half pint of fresh roasted peanuts. "Hello!" suddenly yelled one of the guards; "haven't seen yer for a month or two. Come over here; got somethin' to show yer."

I went over and joined him near the Casino.

"Found it on a bench," he explained, as he rammed a dirty, crumpled scrawl into my hand, "and I think it's good enough to put into that 'ere funny paper you write fur down in Texas. It's poetry."

"What!" was my agonized cry; "here, take it, quick!"

"No, it's pretty fairly slung together," he replied. "Read it when you get home. Got any terbacker about yer clothes?"

And this is the find:

I.

He bent his lips to her rose-tint ear,
And breathed the words of a lover—
He called her "dearest, precious dear,"
And "birdie"—but never meant plover:
It might have been "duck" I do not know,
For the feathery folly was whispered low.

II.

A Jersey mosquito meandered soft,
 'Round the heads of these sweethearts spoony,
 And it bit Augustus quick and oft
 As he toyed with her laces from Cluny.
 A whack, a slap, and a stinging blow—
 Yet the busy buzzer still snickered low.

III.

There came a whiff of the autumn breeze,
 And warned them to cease their cooing—
 But Gussie dropped on his doeskin knees
 To continue his ardent wooing.
 He remarked he would never let her go
 Until one little word she uttered low.

IV.

It must have been "Yes," for I heard a squeeze,
 As he brushed off the dust and gravel:
 Then he said: "It's beginning to rain, Louise,
 Don't you think we had better travel?"
 So away they went at a pace not slow,
 But the wind and mosquito kept laughing low.

Exaggerative reporters, writing up scenes at the
 Morgue, will always be found lying at the point of
 death.

"George Eliot" left a large number of incomplete
 MSS., and twenty-three used-up hair-pins in the top
 bureau drawer.

A DEFINITION.

"Oh yes!" exclaimed Miss Arethusa Bibbs, of Lenox Hill, "he's a nice enough chap in his way, but I could never think of marrying an eight-dollar-a-week tape worm, you know." Poor jilted, love-sick Wadsworth Tennyson Greenleaf was nothing but a Broadway counter-jumper.

A lame schoolmaster, who carried both hands behind his back, recently informed me that three billions and more pins are used every year in this stuck-up country.

Out in Utah singular stories are told of plural wives.

Nobody ever seems to be in undue haste to pay an overdue note.

The British Quarterly places Browning above Tennyson. Its editor wanted to roast the laureate, but only gave him a little Browning.

A Domestic Item: The prices of meat and provisions have a strong upward tendency. Salaries are quoted at low figures, with a weak and fluctuating market.

Terror-Trail Dick, of Wyoming, asked Judge Lynch if he couldn't have his boots blacked before he was strung up. "Why?" inquired the grim magistrate. "Because you know Death loves a shining mark!" "Turn him off, boys!" ferociously yelled his Honor.

Archibald Forbes will get \$5000 for writing a book about America. There are plenty of native born and naturalized Americans who would do it for one tenth the sum and make it a deal more reliable.

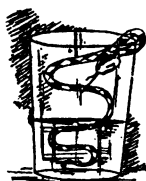
For three centuries, adventurous sailors have been battering at the icy gateways of the Arctic seas. That's why the vessels of such mortals are prowed.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad uses fifty thousand envelopes a month, and employs a battalion of clerks to lick them.

Although men continually make fools of themselves, it does not follow that every clown is a self-made man.

On general principles it is best to be more inclined to indiscreet charity than to chronic *penuriousness*.

A GREAT HEAD.



It was in a cosy sanctum, where conviviality, united with the æsthetic tastes of the owner, made existence every way desirable. The worthy professor called my attention to the following extract, which he read aloud: "We should not arrogantly pride ourselves upon our virtues and knowledge, nor condemn the errors and weaknesses of others, since they may depend upon causes which we can neither produce nor easily counteract." Reaching for the decanter, he confidentially continued: "Ah, my dear sir, how often have I felt the entire truth of this, how many times have I forced myself to acknowledge my own backslidings and confessed in my heart how unworthy I was to be the instructor and guide of volatile youth. Let me see, Mr. —, you take sugar in yours, I believe?" His memory was faultless.

I surmise that "the boy with the Auburn hair" must have found it in the prison butter.

"Victor Hugo and his Time," is a new book, *probably* devoted to a minute description of *hour old friend* and his holiday watch.

THE TWIN TOWERS.*

A LEGEND OF OLD NEW YORK.

CHAPTER I.



AN August twilight in the year of graciousness 1885. The bay of Manhattan sparkled in all the glinting extravagance of a full-blown and decidedly over-heated sunset. River craft of every conceivable shape were skimming, here and there, over the saline expanse, drawn toward their respective docks and havens by powerful submarine, electric, insulated, dynamo-diabolico agencies, secured by letters-patent to the wizard-skilled grandson of Thomas Alva Edison, the elder. It was a pretty scene, and there was a good deal of it. Just inside the Narrows, the unique, cigar-shaped, mastless excursion barge "Great Cæsar" was visible to the unclothed optic, making prodigious headway to the marble-terraced pier at Communipaw. A scant

* This satire was written during the most critical period of managerial inertness. The author is happy to note that later events, culminating in joyful demonstrations by the people of New York and Brooklyn, at the opening of the East River Suspension Bridge, May 24, 1883, have proved his forecast as idle as the prophecy of Mother Shipton and other exploded auguries.

description of this elegant vessel may not be malapropos. It was constructed entirely of spun glass, cemented with hot-cast porcelain, and riveted with solidified gelatine. Its beam was a trifle less than that in a hypocrite's left eye, and its depth fully equal to the chicanery of an ordinary Shylock. From its diamond-studded bow to the emerald-gemmed rudder-post, it was eleven hundred and six feet over all. We mean over all possibility. It had a reversible hurricane deck, which, during a hard blow, could (by a combined twisting of the pilot's muscles and the magnetic spoked wheel) be turned completely outside in. Its main saloon was artistically floored with an inlaying of malachite and jasper, and hung with gorgeous tapestries imported from Nyack-on-Hudson, by the case.

Invisible cornets and divisible xylophones, under the maestro-like guidance of Signor Patsi Gilmori Slitaire, made the perfume-laden atmosphere throb with ecstatic cadence. Groups of superbly bedizened salesladies eyed askance the knee-breechéd lords of the tape-measure and the gallant knights of the bank ledger and commission-house blotter. Hale old men, and cosmetic-preserved women, whose level was yet an inch or two above *Flirtation's horizon*, looked with pitying sneers on the antics of callow youth. And all was merry as a

carriage swell, when he gives the other fellow his dust.

CHAPTER II.

"Governor, what's them?"

It was the quivering, lute-strung, just-the-correct-cream-cheese voice of a sweet girl graduate, lithe and tall as a mediæval sun-flower. Her own father was the dignified official to whom her abrupt question was addressed.

He was an opulent broker of Union Square, the far-down haunt of the finance kings of the period. His fine eyes dimmed with the involuntary moisture of recollection, as he gazed on the moss-clad granite towers which stood, like grim sentinels of time, on either base of Fulton Ferry.

"Those, my expensive, syntax-naulin innocent, are relics of the grab-all age."

"Why, pa!"

"Exactly so!" gloomily replied the self-contained millionaire.

Just then the "Great Cæsar" gracefully curved to her elastic, rubber-faced landing, against whose amethyst-capped bulkhead her magnificent outline of naval architecture struck with a thud between the reverberation of a steam carpet-beat and the *stroke of a muffled oar.*

The passengers briskly swarmed across the velvet-padded gang-plank as the chivalric purser and his corps of uniformed assistants skilfully distributed to each lady a silken-fringed free trip-pass for the boat's next five-hour voyage to the gardens and spice-groves of Bermuda.

CHAPTER III.

"Now, pa, that we're at home, let's have those story about them crumbling towers!"

Again 'twas the vocalism of Miss Ida Vere de Vere Montshoddy which grated unsympathetically upon the highly grammatical tympanum of her bond-proud progenitor.

He indolently kicked an electric chime that was counter-sunk in the mahogany washboard of the family sitting-room, and, as if by magic, a cringing minion appeared in a parti-colored ne-plus-ultra-sort of livery.

"Your pleasure, sir?"

"Go to the library, Frelinghuysen Blaine, and on the twenty-eighth shelf from the top of the seventeen rosewood alcove you will find, next to the 'Life and Reminiscences of Roscoe, the Political Turkey-Cock,' a medium size tome. It is labelled 'Lays of Ancient Gotham,' and is bound in tree walrus, with convex edges, ruby-dusted top, and garnet cluster clasp. Vanish!"

Three minutes and a quarter sloped into the vortex of eternity.

"This, my child," impressively said Papa Montshoddy, as the servitor returned, "is indeed a rare book. It was written nearly forty years ago by a poetical outlaw, during his term of life imprisonment in Auburn jail, for committing to public type a sonnet on workingmen's rights. The punishment was severe, but just. His fate has been a terrible yet entirely salubrious warning to all scribes who have been weak enough to imagine that humanity or conscience were fit themes for literary exercise."

CHAPTER IV.

Slowly the patrician fingers turned the delicate leaves of the worth-its-weight-in-Chilian-shiners volume.

"Ah, here it is!" Montshoddy presently exclaimed. "It is called 'The Floorless Bridge.' I will read you extracts:"

Then outspoke Robert Roosevelt—

An Alderman was he:—

"No longer will I know myself

And be a bridge trustee!

How can a man be honest,

And fool the people thus?"

Quoth Roebling, the engineer,

"Why kick up all this fuss?"

"Your Honor," wrote bold Roosevelt
To our placid Mayor, Bill Grace,
"I thank you for your courtesy,
Which, Time will not efface,
But I no longer will remain
In such equiv posish—
Pardon the slang, but I resign;
Accept it, 'tis my wish."

"The reason I back out, sir,
Is plain to any man;
Forever they are changing
The contract-time and plan.
That bridge may yet be finished,
But I doubt it very much—
Its towers in after ages,
Will yield to Ruin's touch."

'Twas as sage Roosevelt argued,
Year after year sped on;
The nineteenth century ended,
And another century's dawn
Was talked of as a memory
Of olden times and traits,
When Chicago girls wore 'levens,
And St. Louis maidens eights.

Ah, gloomy rise the towers,
Since Murphy's ghost was laid;
Yet honored is brave Roosevelt,
Who called a spade, a spade.
The piers stand saddening beacons,
O'ergrown with moss and mould;
But they tell a tale of Edgemoor steel,
And the cribbing days of old.

As Montshoddy's elocution dwindled to a husky whisper, a poignant sob escaped the enamelled, rose-tint labials of his only child.

"Why do you weep, my daughter?" he tenderly inquired.

"Because a pesky Hoboken gallinipper, whose stem-winder has been grafted with the acute virulence of a Yonkers yellow-jacket, has stung me on my engagement knuckle. Boo hoo!"

The fond parent arose and pulled down the blinds.

It is well to patronize home industry, but teeth-picking at American restaurant tables is already sufficiently thriving.

It is a fact that the more we want the less we receive, and the rule works t'other end forward with disgusting alacrity.

There is no ocean so wide as a difference of opinion between a spunky man and his mother-in-law.

When cloth is hot-pressed it puts on the nap, but *when an enemy is hot pressed, neither pursued nor pursuers are ever caught napping.*

THE MISERIES OF M. MOTT, ESQ.

That initial M. stands for "Melancton." *She* called him "Lanky." [He looked it.]

He knew what it was to be a blessed single man, for that experience was now among his chief regrets. His petticoated lamentation was as superb a woman as ever drew a breath or a conclusion; as noble a wife as ever lifted an eyebrow or a rolling-pin; as devoted a companion as ever clung to a husband by her finger-nails; and as reckless a feminine as ever ignored the wear-and-tear of an elastic conscience or the periodical demolition of various convincing utensils of culinary import.

"This world ere gentle woman smiled,
And back its darkness rolled,
Like snow in some untrodden wild
Was pure; but oh, so cold!"

[*That's poetry!*]

This earth, ere Cady Stanton rose
And talked for woman's rights.
Was an Elysium to all those
Who can't stay home o' nights.

[*That's tradition!*!—but you couldn't get poor Mott to take stock in any of it. Let me tell you, he was an attenuated example of what a husband can endure and live thro' it all. Hark to his doleful

adventure in a closely-packed street car, just as I had the story from his own pallid lips:

As father of a family, it behooved him to carry a forty-inch umbrella to alike protect his cadaverous anatomy and precious cranium from sun and rain. Then he had fully twenty pounds of groceries, put up in four or five shapely but precarious bundles, for hadn't she said:

"We can get them down town so much cheaper, Lanky dear"?

Good, easy soul, Mott was; in sooth, a martyr to domestic economy. No wonder he refused to read all Home Rule pamphlets. He declined them on principle, and as stoutly as a lean man could.

He had invested in a copy of the *Weekly Sockdologer*, brimful of miscellaneous fol-de-rol and personal balderdash, or mayhap secured the last number of the *Saturday Whatnot*, with the twenty-seventh instalment of an absorbing romance of the feudal ages.

Longing to gloat over the hair-breadth escapes of the bald-headed hero, Lanky became oblivious to his own perils. He was fagged out with a hard day's work, and proportionately nettled at finding no vacant seat when he got into the car. Every time a new-comer put in an appearance, Mott softly profaned his mother-tongue, for he was pushed and

jostled beyond forbearance. A sudden jolt over a cross-tie caused him to drop his grip on the strap. He let fall his paragon frame, stooped to pick it up, lurched involuntarily forward and deposited three pounds of eleven-cent sweetness in the lap of a lady passenger, who, overwhelmed with his granulated politeness, blandly reminded him that she was *not* a sugar-bowl.

Mott recovered both his parachute and saccharine property (in an apologetic perspiration) just as he successfully dropped his paper and burst a bag containing prepared flour, which whitened his best suit from waist-band to shoe-buckle, and brought upon his devoted head the cursory observations of angry women and inconsiderate men, who were not mealy-mouthed in advising him to hereafter leave his samples with the baker, who kneaded them more. Covered with patent-brand and confusion, Lanky clutched the *Whatnot* in the zenith of a soul-harrowing "to be continued in our next," stuffed the crumpled paper into his coat pocket, jerked the bell pull, and edged his way to the rear platform.

The abrupt cessation of velocity found Mott lodged in the unwelcome embrace of a gentleman, whose physique was what Dominie Sampson would have called "prodigious."

This body-corporate rather testily received the

ferule of Lanky's umbrella in the parquette circle of its capacious rotundity.

At the same crisis, Mott, in insensate "cussedness," planted himself squarely on the platform of the portly individual's holiday bunion. Lanky was thereupon so suddenly lifted into public notice, that he concluded to sit down on the starboard curb of the promiscuous highway to give his senses time to catch up with the momentum that landed him in one gutter and his appurtenances in another. He soon after went home.

I draw a veil over his reception at the fireside. Some of you elderly gentlemen may appreciate my abnegation.

Melancton several days afterward informed me in confidence that his wife "was mild considerin'," but he'd be d—esiccated if he would carry any more bundles from Vesey Street four miles uptown for seventeen cents salvage on a bill of three-sixty and a tea-chromo thrown in. He was right. Admiring his sagacity, I applauded his fortitude.

Young man! Go and get married, and settle down—in a mud-puddle, with a quarter hundred-weight of cheap groceries flanking your position. There's nothing like it, and I'm not glad for your sake that there isn't. But jesting aside, my dear friends of the transition state of masculinity, take

my fatherly advice: Get yourselves wives, if you can do so without running away with other men's. Join hands with good girls and paddle your own canoes; but see to it that each fair damsel trims boat, and doesn't put in her oar.

ST. PAUL MODERNIZED.

Childhood, far too often, has its grimaces on the wrong side of the mouth. "When I was a child, I spake as a child"—and generally got well spanked for doing it.

When David got within a stone's throw of Goliath, he felt in his inmost soul that he had the whirled in a sling.

Pharaoh reckoned without his host, but was drowned with it.

"Husband" is a taking title. It invariably takes the bride, and the wedding guest "takes the cake."

When they were first married, he called her "Minerva dear." A year afterward, with bated breath, thus to his friends: "My nervy wife."

One half of the world doesn't know how the other half votes until the election is over.

PENELOPE.



It was many and many a week ago,
 In a cottage by the sea,
 Where off nights I was wont to show,
 I sat with a lovely she ;
 And this maiden laughed with no other laugh
 Than a giggling girl's "te-he!"
 I was a fool and she was a fool,
 In this cottage by the sea,
 But we hugged with a hug that was waxy tight,
 I and Penelo-pe:
 With a hug that Nevada's grizzly bears
 Would consider quite hunk-ee.

And this was the reason that weeks ago,
 In the cottage by the sea,
 When winds blew cold and funds ran low,
 That a chill struck Penelo-pe—
 Some other "mash" with a longer purse,
 And a manner full as free,
 Took her for better or for worse,
 From the cottage by the sea.
 And thus of Edgar Allen Poe
 We make shameless traves-tee.

Kissing is the art preservative of all hearts.

The horns of the moon may eventually be used
 to make umbrella handles for that famous individ-
 ual who came down before he was ready, and in-
 quired the way to Norwich.

Snow-shoes are much in vogue among the "upper crust" Canadians.

Every married man should join some good society, and as good as the best is the society of his wife and children.

AN ELEVATING VOCATION.

He came in and looked furtively around.

The habit was second nature. It had been acquired in the sealskin trade.

Presently he asked:

"Are you engaged, my dear sir?"

"Haven't been for over twenty-four years. Got married in 1859."

"Oh, I see."

"Thought you would."

"Let me explain," he continued. "You are among the very few who sympathized with me in an earnest attempt to save something from my recent financial collapse. I succeeded in my efforts, and found that I could spare fifteen cents in the dollar for a compromise. It didn't work. Some of my creditors stood out. So did the vessel in which I abruptly embarked. As you are aware, I returned *from Cuba* three weeks ago, broken in fortune, but *vulgarly robust* in appetite. As most everybody's

back was turned I had to face the music, and do anything I could get to do. I wanted to live down the past, and determined to follow an occupation which would raise me in public esteem. This morning I completed my business arrangements, and have dropped in to tell you of my good luck."

"Well, what are your plans?"

"I've leased myself as day-engineer of a patent hydraulic lift. That's the kind of an (h)oister I am!"

VIS-A-VIS.

At a brilliant *bal masque*, my charmer I met,

Ah, me!

The memory of moments I'll never forget,

When she

Darted love glances from optics of blue—

This pretty, voluptuous, languishing Lu—

Dainty her foot-full and natty her shoe,

Her prattle so piquant, her manner so true

And free. ♦

We sat down to supper, and ate by the card,

When she

Observed that round dances she'd learned to regard

As the

Best sauce for square meals. Then the way

She launched into oysters (stew, broil, and *pate*),

And washed down with claret, billed "Pontet Canet,"

Made me tremble for all I had borrowed that day—

Viz: a V.

On the road and in the social circles it is what chatty folks don't know that they are forever talking about.

PATHOS IN PARAGRAPHS.



Blanche Madeline Trevor was a magnificent creature.

She was, moreover, a society belle.

With a resonant clapper of her own.

So all the servants said.

Blanche closely resembled the scenery on a narrow-gauge, short-curve railroad. She had many romantic turns.

But she never allowed concealment, like the bird in the bush or the damask worm in a parboiled chestnut, to prey upon the healthy enamel of her maiden cheek.

Being a silver-tongued belle, she gently tolled her love.

She told him that he might osculate her pouting labials for his darling mamma.

Now, luckily for the badly "mashed" yet high-spirited Lenox Vanderbilt Van Alstyne, his father

had been twice a bridegroom. So he kissed Blanche for both mothers.

And thus they were betrothed.

Some unknown philosopher (and maybe it's the writer) has neatly said: "The coarse of true love never runs fine."

So it was in this memorable instance.

You must at once become cognizant of the fact that this growing intimacy between two fondly-twining affections had not been unmarked by the grave parent of our gushing heroine. Not by any manner of means.

This grave parent was a professional sexton, who had an elaborate blue-and-gold sign-board tacked to the mixed exterior architecture of a Madison avenue church.

He drew his salary once a month, and sober breaths at least three times in every four weeks.

Yet was he not descended from the Trevors of Trevor Hall? And hadn't the Trevors made many hauls?

If not, why not?

"Who were these presumptuous Van Alstynes?" he repeated haughtily to himself between gin-and-seltzer hiccoughs.

Gin-and-seltzer was his pulse-warmer at all seasons of the year, and especially at the convivial seasons.

Once in a while (if not oftener) he so far disremembered himself as to freely imbibe of the gin without the seltzer.

On one of these extra occasions, returning to his domicile "in the dead vast and middle of the night," he encountered Lenox Vanderbilt Van Alstyne and Blanche Madeline Trevor playing ivy with the vestibule wall.

Old Trevor took in the situation, and the opportunity he had longed for, in the twinkling of a corporation gas-light.



Then, as the Last Minstrel sang to the dying chief of Clan Alpine:

"There rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that
fell
Had pealed the banner cry of—"

Well, never mind the rest of it. [Sir Walter Scott is a little too forcible in his verse

at times.—EDITOR.]

Our own patent, machine-made poetry shall blazon the inevitable sequel.

Lenox Vanderbilt Van Alstyne retired in inglorious disorder.

Kind fate had marked these spooneys twain,
 As for each other suited;
 He loved her with his might and main.
 But was a sole distracted swain,
 When by her papa booted.

Blanche Madeline sobbed hysterically; but the stolid liquidator of her millinery bills let her sob.

The *denouement* had a curious effect on Lenox Vanderbilt Van Alstyne. He neither stood on the order of his going, nor was he seen to sit down for a week afterward.

Miss Trevor mourned like she who refused to be comforted, until her cruel parent bought her a seal-skin dolman, which completely took the gloss off the one sported by that hateful thing next door, upstairs.

An expedition is now talked of which is to proceed to the Antarctic end of creation, and finally reach the North Pole by boring upward through the earth's diameter.

The reason why murderers kick against the scaffold is because they are well aware it's a regular death-trap.

A man may be dead as a door-nail and yet leave no "brads" for his heirs to quarrel over.

A FINANCIAL SKIRMISH.

An Honorable Secretary of the Treasury of these plethoric United States, no less a personage than the gentleman who will be worst remembered as having come within *one-hundred-and-ninety-five thousand votes* of being Governor of all the territory from Coney's strand to Niagara Falls, not long ago had a lively financial tilt with the Fourth National Bank in America's metropolis, and was ingloriously routed. Mr. F. is mad—ripping, tearing, swearing mad—and must cool himself by degrees by sitting on the refrigerator of his own sympathy, for all sharp folks are laughing at him. This is the story: The bank in question had about three millions dollars in Boston, which it wanted to transfer to New York. The deposit with the Sub-Treasurer at the "Hub" called for exchange in standard dollars. The cashier of the bank posted the certificate to Washington, politely requesting that the standard dollars might be sent forthwith to New York. The Treasurer of the United States at once forwarded an order to the Mint at Philadelphia, and the dollars were packed and sent on to their owners, who turned them right into the Wall Street Sub-Treasury and demanded a silver certificate, and they got it, as they had government law to back the demand. Then F. saw *through the gauzy pretext*, and kicked like a mus-

tang colt. The bank had manœuvred to save the expressage and insurance, and our Uncle Samuel had to foot that little bill, which amounted to three thousand dollars, or one tenth of one per cent on the whole sum. A night-school is badly needed at the Capital to instruct the departmental head officials in the diplomatic game of blocking "cheek."

About the worst thing we can say of some of our friends is, that they have a singular fatality of never being seen at their best.

Self is an autocrat ; Sympathy a true democrat.

A young and conceited scribe invariably writes in "his usual happy vain."

The author of "Home, Sweet Home," one Christmas night in London, stood outside in the snow and piercing cold, and heard his own song played and sung, while he was freezing. The good people in the house couldn't see him on account of the frosted Payne.

The albatross—the great sea-bird of the Southern Ocean and the North Pacific—seldom, if ever, flops his wings in flying. He doesn't resemble the "independent" voter to any considerable extent.

THE VESTIBULE ABOMINATION.

Of all my friends, I honestly regard Percival Petticarp as least an iconoclast. He believes in himself in an infinitesimal degree which shames the most modest appreciation of his not notoriously modest sex. Hence he has plenty of heart and brain for faith in everything tangible, whether animate or inanimate. And he believes in the good old times, and honors their customs and traditions. He has an unquenchable passion for bric-a-brac. He dotes on earthenware ugliness, and revels in monstrosities of carved furniture. His andirons are more uncouth than brassy, like a country lawyer when he's first admitted to practice in Uncle Sam's Supreme Court. But of all the length, breadth and thickness of heirloom with which Percival Petticarp has surrounded himself, his favorite joint-combination of umbrella-stand and hat-rack is decidedly the loomiest. Even as that ready-made superlative (just written) towers above the common dictionary adjectives, so does this vestibule abomination tower above the describable. In the course of inhuman events, its multitudinous projections have several times been mixed with my susceptible legs. The beastly hat-rack has invariably come out of the muddle unscathed and unruffled. I've tumbled across it, *clean over it* and slap into it, and pledge my solid

comfort that I had rather fall into a revery, an error, or an inheritance.

Yet, that unwieldy piece of furniture has quite a history. When Petticarp used to cling to the eyelids of Hope, and exist on a salary of ten dollars a week, he boarded with a corkscrew-curved landlady in Clinton Place. He was not a bit proud of either his abode or his poverty, but he became infatuated with this identical hat-rack. He followed its May removals for twenty years, from one house to another, and in all that time he never used but one peg for his five or six hats. A regular built first quality Broadway "plug" usually lasted my friend over the third winter. Now, this might possibly have been the fault of the hat, for Petticarp was not a bit economical on head-gear when he had any spare change.

As the song goeth :

"Time, though old, is swift in flight,
And years went fleetly by—"

and just as Petticarp came into a snug fortune his landlady went out of a queerish world. Her effects, in due course, were knocked down to very indifferent bidders, with one exception. Percival was there, and secured the hat-rack. And, because he wanted it, the outsiders made him pay all that it

ever cost, originally, and in varnish or repairs. But what has it not since cost me and other visitors at Petticarp's house? The day can never come round when my own bill of damages against it will be squared. Patience, good humor, and unclassical anathemas have all been exhausted, but that hat-rack continues wildly offensive to a big majority of Percival's invited guests and poor relations. Yet I verily believe the latter callers will bear with 'most anything.

“ Tell me, ye bark-ed shins,
That feel so lame and sore,
Is there no quiet hall
That's clear from stair to door?
Is there no vestibule
Where hat-racks do not stand,
With outstretched arms and tripping base,
To try one's temper bland?”
The bark-ed shins deign no reply,
And Petticarp may, by-and-by—

as likely as not, make me sole legatee of that hated absurdity.

The proof of the pudding is the rapidity with which the children get away with it.

The man in the moon gets down-hearted when Luna is under a cloud.

A WILDE WARBLE.

I.



ONLY a sunflower, yellow and big
 As the home-made pie they call
 "punkin,"
 And bright as the auburn locks of
 the youth
 Whose mouth of that pie took a
 hunk in.
 Down by the fence of a garden trim
 It flaunted its gorgeous beauty,
 Where the red ant sung a labor
 hymn
 And pursued its vocation looty.

II.

There came a boy of the sun-browed breed,
 And he looked on that flashy flower,
 Then snatched it away with an eager grip,
 Its leaves on the ground to shower.
 But his mother hied with headlong haste
 And gathered her offspring tender,
 Who soon was taught the full meaning of
 The phrase "He's been on a bender."

III.

That weeping lad walked lamely forth
 From this ample lesson, corrective,
 And the sunflower plant now feels secure
 'Neath feminine gaze, protective.
 It will rival an oleomargarine tub
 In its stylish saffron glory,
 And some Oscarian lover's yawp
 Shall retail its wondrous story.

"Pug" writes us and asks if it was an editor-ship which brought us to this country. Our own recollection is that we came in a little tender during a heavy squall.

Humorous paragraphs are the sun-flowers of American literature.

The plumber, who in a fit of jubilation lighted his cigar with a five hundred dollar bank-note, is now D-lirious.

"Sis, give me a lively subject for my composition!" said little Ben; and sister Martha quietly replied: "Fleas."

Talent and Tact are a superb team when harnessed to the car of Progress.

The world patiently waits for the complete surprise of "a perfect man."

"Fortune favors the brave," but that isn't the reason mice cower before women.

A man may be known by the company he keeps, but a hermit works dead against the efficacy of that rule.

ON THE HIGHWAY.

Let us take a Christmas peep into one of the myriad up-town show-windows. Here, at a popular corner, is a gondola scene with many score of doll figures in fashionable raiment, and of both sexes. The landing place stretches from the basement of an Italian terrace. Every appointment is carefully worked out in miniature. Another window is devoted to a tableau, entitled "Charity," and a third represents a garden scene. The cost of these displays is more than a whole year's income of the old fashioned thread-and-needle shop of our childhood days, and it is said that more than six months has been spent in their preparation. Every afternoon a small townful of young Gothamites, nurses and mammas, fight for possession of vantage-ground from which to gloat upon this mimic theatre and its gorgeously set pieces. The policemen on that beat are almost crazed by the exclamations: "That's bully, you bet!" "Oh, isn't it just too sweet for anything?" "I wish I was that fellow in the boat!" "Get off my dress, you hateful thing!" "Where's my hat?" "I think that doll in the blue velvet frock is lovely, don't you?" "Say, look a-here, cully, I'll mash you in the ribs if *you push me that way again!*"—and so on from

school opening to far in the hours of gas-light. And this is the exterior of holiday crush. Inside—well, to give a condensed idea, it is a highly profitable and passably good-natured pandemonium.

There was a jovial company around the banquet table, and when the dwarf laughed uproariously at a passing jest, our private "motley fool" remarked that it was an explosion of diner-mite.

The fellow who had "a soft thing of it," used to be called a sap-head by his schoolmates.

Eighty per cent of the American Congressmen know how to play poker. So the remaining twenty per cent sorrowfully confess.

"Another old settler gone!" exclaimed the cook, when she tossed the egg-shell out of the coffee-pot, on moving day.

"Ten dollars a quarter," said Moneypinch, as he read the dancing master's advertisement. "Ten dollars a quarter!" he repeated. "Why, any fool knows that it only requires twenty-five cents to make a quarter."

The "good time coming" is a good time coming.

THE MISSING SARDINE-OPENER.

Every well-regulated family should have its own private, exclusive and always handy sardine-opener, for of such is the kingdom of serenity. In this opinion we are braced by our friend Scollops of the retail firm of Frills & Scollops. His domestic Mecca is a snug semi-rural home. Scollops is addicted to sardines; in fact he is so passionately fond of the oil-soaked delicacy, that he gets both muriatic and vitriolitic when the folks up at the house use the last box, and inform him of it just as he has decided on having a noon-day wrestle with his favorite lunch. Then he rages like the dog-star on stilts. But, "to our relation," as the poor nephews said when they heard that Uncle Ben Stivers had cornered half a million on Hannibal and St. Jo. Scollops has a servant girl, who of kitchen-ware and tools is the champion utilizer. To her a sardine-opener hath many aspects. It is consecutively a tack-hammer, an ice-pick, a stove-plate lifter, a screw-driver and a pot cleaner. How often Scollops has annihilated that guileless maid-of-all-work with his vocal dynamite, can only be numerically rivalled by Dr. Bliss's bulletins. One day in the recent droughty August, the sardine-opener was in active demand. Nobody could find it. Scollops fumed,

Mrs. S. flouted, and the servant girl hunted, but the missing utensil was as *non est* as the noblest work of the Almighty. They searched high and low. Closets were opened with nervous jerks, and drawers banged to with unsavory dictionary words. Just as virtue had ceased to be a patient, the missing article was found tightly wedged in a suspected rat-hole. It is there yet, and as immovable as the pyramids of Egypt. In due time Scollops concluded his over-strained remarks, and docked the girl's wages a dollar a month. A new and every way desirable sardine-opener has been purchased and put under lock and key in the same bureau drawer where Scollops keeps his hair-dye and endowment policy.

No married economist should give his "better half" a ten-dollar note to satisfy fifty dollars' worth of longing. It's not only downright mean, but it hurts retail business.

The men who hold up lamp-posts have a lean if not a hungry look.

"This thing has gone far enough," yelled the amateur balloonist, as he frantically tugged at the *live rope*.

There's a small multitude of men, whose records made while on animated "busts," are strange to say, never graven on storied urns.

Emulation is all right enough, in its way, but it always gets us in somebody else's way.

The axiom is that "Contentment abides with truth." If that be so, what liars we all are!

When there's a fire next door, the best thing to find yourself "entirely out of" is out of the house.

How pleasant it is to observe some people happy with little, when the majority of us are utterly miserable with much less.

Pride hath but two seasons; a forward spring and an early fall.

In New York city there are probably fifty thousand paupers, but not one bear-footed boy. Mr. Whittier may not believe this, but nevertheless all of Gotham's little beggars have human feet.

There's considerable difference between *dulcamara* and a dull camera. The former we have to face every hour of our lives.

THE DILIGENT APPRENTICE.

Jack Plane, a simple-minded lad,
A carpenter by trade,
Saw if he pleased his master good,
His fortune soon was made.

To hit the nail upon the head
And never have a loss,
He knew was just the style to suit
Tim Tenpenny, his boss.

Said Jack: "I'll brace a bit and give
My whole attention here;
Who knows but what some later day
A partner I'll appear?"

Tim Tenpenny was practical,
And marked Jack's steady ways
As augering well for both of them,
For perseverance pays.

Now Tenpenny, though Cockney born,
Did ne'er regret the day
He spent his "brads" and passage took
For free Hammer-i-ca.

A job he found and went to work,
On joist and beam and truss,
Observing: "Well, so far, so good,
Hit mitre been much wuss."

As years went on, his trade increased,
And Jack, a clever elf,
Was hired to do the minor jobs,
His first—a pantry shelf.

He screwed his courage to the point
Where it would safely stick,
And quoth: "If there's a winning way,
I'll hatchet pretty quick."

And so he did, for Tenpenny
Said time and time again:
"None in this shop does smoother work
Than sober-faced Jack Plane."

The sequel you may shrewdly guess,
Unless of brains bereft—
Jack chiseled Tim of wife and gold,
And for Australia left.

A man cannot help being contented with his lot
when he's buried in it.

After all, the most laughable jest cannot double
you up quicker than a cucumber will.

Climate affects character, and the same may be
said of conviction by a jury.

He that hath a comic vein need not be clownish
in his vanity.

Be thou ever so amiable and disinterested, some
hatchet-faced misanthrope will swear thou hast an
axe to grind.

AN EOCENTRIC MAGISTRATE.



IT will never be known how great a factor Judge Lynch has been and continues to be in the development of American civilization. Grim and implacable he holds outlawry on a string, and, whenever he pulls, there's bound to be an end of the argument, its immediate cause having ceased to exist. His Honor's circuit is quite an extensive one. It embraces all of our sparsely-inhabited

States and Territories.

Though universally regarded as the most prominent limb of frontier law, he does considerable in the hempen cravat trade. In fact he's a special partner in this branch business. He firmly believes that there's a tied in the affairs of murderers and road-agents which, taken at its thud, is a good thing *for the morals of Far Western society*. Realizing *that the line must be drawn somewhere*, he draws

it on the nearest tree. While invariably sober, as the proverbial judge, he's an adroit performer on the tight-rope. It's a picture to behold him and his jury nimbly gathering up the slack. If you have been well tant you will readily give a-cord to this. His mode of procedure is startling but effective. Whoever risks an interview with him soon gets the hang of it. He never keeps anybody long in suspense.

Judge Lynch is invisible both before and after business hours. Notwithstanding he was born with a beam in his eye, he doesn't blow about duty, and cares naught for parade or compliments. On occasion he has been known to drop former intimate friends, and at other times to hoist an entire stranger into a position high above that occupied by the best people in the community. I am only speaking for myself, but I would rather be cut up by misfortune than be cut down by this eccentric, inexorable magistrate.

When a man's brain makes itself "felt," he needs no better head covering.

Fifty years is a long wait for the golden wedding, but it is an eighteen-carat argument in favor of *early marriage*.

THE MAN AND HIS BUNDLE.



THEY were inseparable.

Jeremy Bentham Biggs had carried on this sort of amateur portorage ever since he had strength enough to tug at anything that was easier to lift than a four months' note for back-rent. Biggs was eccentric, and a man of family, which fact mainly accounts for Jeremy's children having uncles and aunts who made ill-

natured remarks on said children's deportment, all the year round, but who never once, within a whole twelvemonth, remembered that the romping defiers of etiquette were only little children after all.

Biggs had married young, yet entirely at his leisure. He had been so used to toting packages for his parents, that he found it no hardship to carry a lady's heart, safely buttoned beneath his week-day vest. Having agreed to bundle through life together, the fond pair tied a double knot in the

cord of affection, which Cupid had snugly wrapped around the matrimonial parcel.

This knot drew tighter, year after year, as the awkward lumps of humanity in swaddling clothes successively demanded the midnight vigil and trudge of the patient Jeremy. He manfully took up the conjugal burden and carried half a dozen squawking babies safely through colic, measles, croup and all the fevers, fitful and dreaded, to which infantile flesh is heir.

As his tenderlings grew older Biggs found his back as well as his arms fitted to bear the responsibilities of a devoted father, and continued his fetching and carrying without a murmur. There was not sufficient animal stubbornness in his nature to even imitate a growl. So see him where you would or when you would, Jeremy was never minus a bundle. He became known and noted in his immediate neighborhood as the man who always carried his own basket to and from the butcher's or grocer's. He was not even above carrying food and raiment to the poor. He never carried on a flirtation with a pretty woman, but he could and did carry everything else that he had a right to tackle, except a red-hot stove and his own district, when he was once nominated for the Legislature.

He bore himself proudly, however, and was more

than satisfied with his defeat, when the successful candidate suddenly died at the State capital, from too high living on low ground.

Biggs carried dry goods for his spouse, toys and sweetmeats for the children, and substantials for the larder. Besides, for nearly a generation he carried on the tape and trimming trade.

Jeremy was known on the streets, in the cars, at church meetings and secular gatherings, up-town, down-town and across-town, by men and women who couldn't have remembered his full name a single half hour (had they ever heard it) as "the queer little man with a paper parcel." He kept putting down one and carrying two in active business, until he amassed a competency and kept a desirable balance at bank. He regularly made his own deposits, and drew all his checks in person, and thus his self-assumed character of light-porter became an annotation of the signature book. This saved the bank from loss on a certain occasion when the paying-teller was unavoidably absent from his post, and a draft for a large amount, ostensibly made by Biggs, was presented for payment. The clerk in charge of the desk knew neither Biggs nor his handwriting, but on shrewdly referring to the latter for identification, he saw the marginal note, "Always draws *his money himself*, and is never without a bundle."

The forger hadn't even a toothpick to pacify the cashier with, so was summarily arrested and bundled off to prison. Jeremy was speedily informed of the affair, and true to his passion he actually carried the news—home, and there we will leave him.

A prodigious amount of cheap argument evaporates, and an immensity of bar-room rhetoric is utterly wasted in this unsympathizing world.

Frivolity is the champagne of our existence, but Discontent is only the whiskey-sour of life.

Envy those who are too ignorant to be hypocritical, and esteem all who have learned enough to realize how little they actually know.

Gotham's boot-blacks move in the most polished circles and are bound to shine, but they had a hard brush to gain a foothold in society.

The hotel cook had been educated at a Latin school, and as he nimbly split the pods, his fellow-servants heard him mutter "*Pax vobiscum.*"

It is more pleasant to revive a fainting girl than either the memories of youth or the deeds of your *ancestors*.

A SNAKY REPLY.

"There, don't you think that it stingeth like a serpent?" asked the school-master of an urchin whom he walloped for refusing to do a long sum. "Yes," whimpered the boy, "and this biteth like an adder." He thereupon inserted his teeth into the fleshiest part of the teacher's right leg, and the rattan diversion fell exhausted. *

How strange it is that few men have any religious scruples against taking secular drams!

It was said by Lord Chesterfield that, "Weak minds are like a microscope, which magnifies little things, but cannot receive great ones." I know several women who do not merit the application. They assuredly haven't weak minds, for they change them every day.

I once knew a nervous old gent, who was so afraid of epidemics, that every time he caught his breath he broke out in a cold perspiration. He had the asthma so bad, that the sweat used to drop off in icicles, even in midsummer.

Companion mottoes on moving day: "God Bless *Our Home*," and "Heaven Help the Furniture."

A FOREST BALLAD.

"If this be trees-on, make the most of it!"—*Patrick Henry.*



T was a proud young lumberman
Who axed my heart and hand—
"If yew love me as I love yew
Our marriage shall be planned."

I doted on his stalwart form,
And, like a silly goose,
Thought ne'er was seen a smarter lad,
Nor one who looked so spruce.

His eyes were hazel in their hue,
His hair was chestnut tint—
His mouth ne'er uttered locust words,
His breath ne'er smelt of mint.

He had a grasp for every palm,
A tender grip for mine;
He was so poplar with the girls,
They all for him did pine.

He said: "Oak careful be, my dear,
Beech chaste and always good—
'Tis little I know of the world,
I'm booked up, buttonwood."

He left me for the leafy glades,
And went by Maine trunk line
To Androscoggin's logging camp,
On chops to daily dine.

I willow any one a debt
Of gratitude if they
Bring tidings of my absent "mash,"
Now three long years away.

If he's cut down, ah, woe is me!
We'll never wed in church,
As sure's Mug Nolia is my name,
And his Mackensie Birch.

But let us hope for better luck
To come from Fortune's realm—
Here rafter Mac may plank a fee
When Hymen grabs the 'elm.

Washington seldom smiled, but the same cannot
be said of Laugh-ayette.

He who aches for justice always thinks he must
write a book to book a right.

Cussedness is a sort of dog-in-the-manger eccen-
tricity.

Human nature is like a thermometer; but you
must never expect a high resolve from a mean man.

When, in the name of Gaud, is this decoration
mania to cease?

HOW HE GOT THERE.

Thirty-five years ago, when I was a peevish school-boy, and devoutly wished that every day in the week was Saturday, the maid-of-all-work in the average domestic castle was looked upon as a respectable and industrious fixture of the establishment. My excellent mother had one Pennsylvania Dutch servant girl whom I particularly remember, and with a pleasure unmixed with glucose, for in those days sugar was *sugar*, and Katie (as we youngsters called the kitchen goddess) was beneficently liberal with it on our hourly slices of bread and butter. Kate had a periodical beau; that is to say, her special young man, who was a Kutztown farmer, came to see her regularly about every two months. He didn't believe in thinning out his welcome. Never shall I forget his first appearance at my father's house in Philadelphia. He came early one evening and brought all his clod-hopper bashfulness along with him. I don't think Katie was a bit proud of him, for he was as clumsy as a skater in an air-hole, but she tidied up her dress and brushed her glossy hair smooth and came forward to greet him and introduce him to the folks she lived with. He went around the entire family circle, shaking hands with big and little, and when

I got my poor diminutive right flipper straightened out, the fingers were as sore as if they had been caught in a door jamb.

After some minor talk about his people and hers, up country, Katie said :

"Vell, Shon, how did you efer coom town ter Filadelphy?"

Then John hitched his chair, wiped his nose and forehead with a flaming handkerchief about the size of a modern bed-quilt, put his immense digital grip-irons on his knees, leaned confidentially forward, cleared his bull-like throat, and made this conclusive reply to the object of his visit :

"Katrina, I vill shust dell you how it vas. You see I dakes der pay mare mit der vite hind food, and der planket und sattlepags, und I dravels town town all der way from Kutzdown so tereckly vonce more doo fur all. Und here I vas!"

We listened, and believed him.

There are grave apprehensions that our esteemed fellow-citizen, who was bulletined as lost in contemplation, must have been buried in thought.

At the present day the average father doesn't indulge his children near as much as his own appetite.

HIS HONOR, "THE JUDGE."

"I hardly think we shall remain more than a week at Newport, as the judge is partial to mountain air."

"The judge?" queried Mrs. Slursling; "I was not aware, my dear madam, that your husband had adorned the bench."

"Oh dear, yes!" smilingly chirruped little Mrs. Scantwit; "why, he's been three times judge of our town election!"

The only polls that remain closed on election day are the North and South poles. How the politicians would freeze to them, if they were open!

Conscious innocence doesn't receive half as much sympathy as is usually meted out to confessed ill-doing.

The worst poverty that is conceivable is when we become too poor to enjoy a rich joke.

I know it seems a vocal paradox, but 'tis the plain blunt-speaking man that makes the most pointed remarks.

Many a horse is out in a driving rein when there isn't a wet hair on his back.

WHAT THEY WENT FOR.

It was at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The Parisian diva Madame Theo had bowed and courtesied and smiled to a torrent of bouquets, and the curtain slowly rang down on the first act of *La Jolie Parfumeuse*.

By telegraphic winks Bob and Tom understood it was time to go out and get the market quotation of cardamom seeds.

After they had gone, the innocent Julia whispered to wide-eyed little Alice:

"I wonder what they went for?"

"Their opera 'glasses,'" demurely replied the knowing one.

He who braves opinion will just as easily shirk responsibility.

A Chinese sewing-circle bears the suggestive name of "Chin-Chin."

The theatre manager likes an actress who can move his audiences to tiers. It saves the expense of hired ushers.

Kate Field modestly announces that she never writes a book unless she has something to say. The **question** now arises, who writes Miss Field's books?

THE MERRY MAIDENS' HOME CLUB.

A Tale of Metropolia.

It's seldom I catch the unravelled skein of a good yarn, but here is one to laugh over: You have probably seen that nice little story, which has been circling the newspaper orbit, about a quartette of homeless working-girls who determined to abandon the unsavory Manhattan boarding-house, and make themselves as real a home as can be found outside of a parent's roof. They rented a flat and began operations. They were poor, and were obliged to start with only one room carpeted, a stove, chairs, a clock, a table, a few cups and dishes, knives and forks and two mattresses, but no bedsteads. Little by little the furniture was increased; now by a chair, next by a bedstead, again by a bureau, and so on until from being comfortable, extras were added.

One of the girls got \$20 a week as a milliner; another \$12 as a clerk in a Broadway candy store, another got \$10 somewhere else, and the fourth was a dressmaker, and because she worked at home was made housekeeper, and called steward of the club. Until the house was furnished all pooled

their earnings, but since then each paid every Saturday a share (graded in accordance with her income) of a week's expenses, including a stated sum as remuneration to their purveyor. These girls dressed neatly, but not gaudily, and for a time got along without quarrelling. Instead of a perforated Bristol-board-and-worsted "God Bless Our Flat," framed in ebony-and-lacquer, they hung up in their parlor this preposterous rule :

.....
 : No member of this club shall receive the :
 : visit of a gentleman except in the presence :
 : of at least one other member, and all the :
 : members who are in the house shall be pres- :
 : ent in such cases. :
 :

They, no doubt, faithfully intended to stand and sit by this and obey it to the letter ; but mark the sequel. The dressmaker was naturally fond of music, and, with her, a well-scraped violin was a passion. Now, as fate ordained and the old song jingles :

" In the same house, and up-stairs,
 Resided gay Jeremy Diddler,
 Who was one of the play-house players
 Folks usually call a fiddler."

Lucy cooked and listened. Her heart went out to that bow and its propeller. She had never had

a beau to call all her own, so it came to pass she peeped when he passed. From that second she indulged in blissful dreams and several more furtive squints. One morning the catgut tickler was leaving the house just as she entered it coming from the nearest grocery. He lifted his hat and she cast down her eyes. But she had smiled and blushed, and either was enough. So the acquaintance began, and as the other three girls were absent at their several employments during the day, this infraction of the written law was for a time unknown. Now, it seems each of the other members of this home club had a little clandestine heart affair, and they were mutually trembling in their silk-clocked, extra-length hose for the probable result. Like the "One-Horse Chaise," the break-down came all at once. One night Emily, the milliner, was "detained at the store"—that is, she went with her masher to see Vircullough in his artistic etcetera of *McGinius*. That identical evening Miss Clara, the taffy and chocolate retailer, started out to "visit one of her shopmates who had been taken suddenly ill." He became convalescent just as soon as she arrived, and arm-in-arm they sallied forth to become part of the audience of a popular music hall.

Rachel, the other girl, demurely walked toward

home with her best young man, and on the road (as might be expected) met the deceitful Clara, and that good-looking, six-foot invalid. The two astonished maidens passed each other as utter strangers, but before Rachel got within two blocks of the "club" house, she had another eye-opener, for she beheld Em. and her "overwork" sail contentedly by on the opposite side of the street. Then Rachel was riled, and then and there settled on a pleasant evening for herself. So she asked her chap to walk in, which, nothing loath, he did, and in ample time to see Lucy's fiddler as he hastily bolted for his attic. After introducing her escort to the flushed and confused Lucy, sly Miss Rachel was empress of that ranche, and mightily she enjoyed the supremacy. Her beau remained until 11 p.m., and when she went down-stairs to see him out at the street-door, there was Clara on the stoop kissing farewell—a yum-yum farewell—to that "sick friend." The latter individual went off as if he were a premature discharge of buck-shot; but, ere Rachel's fellow could squeeze a fond "Good-night, Sweetness," up walked Em. so tired with that extra work of hers that she leaned heavily on its left arm.

"Why, Rachel," screamed Emily, "how you did frighten me!"

"I'm very sorry, I'm sure," replied the delighted

young fraud, who was the only one of the four girls that had *not* really broken the rule.

Now, when Rachel went down-stairs with her soul's idol, Lucy recalled the fiddler for a moment's explanation. While it was in progress in bounced the disgusted Clara. Then there was a scene!

To epitomize the oar true tale (as Ned Hanlan would say of an aquatic victory), that "rule" has been taken down, and as two of the girls are engaged to be married and the other two are trying to be, the Home Club is catalogued among those chimerical associations that were, and couldn't possibly remain so. Rachel, who told me this only reliable, blown-in-the-bottle version of the matter, has given me full and free permission to write it for *Texas Siftings*, and laughingly enjoined me to be sure and mail her an extra marked copy of that very marked journalistic success.

Many things which come under our notice are not always beneath our notice.

Enough may be "as good as a feast," but what a feast there will be when we all get enough!

A citizen who dares to do right will never be left when the roll of honor is called.

SPOONS.



" Oh, Emeline! Oh, Emeline!"

I heard a lover say—

" The hours are short, I've staid too long;

Sweet sweet, I must away!"

" Ah, Gussie dear, why hasten thus?"

The maiden questioned shy—

" You are the son-light of my heart;
It's boy-ed up when you're nigh."

" I fondly pledge to you my love—

[Now don't my collar muss!]

How strange it is that you seem true,

And yet are all beau-Guss."

" To-morrow week," she whispered soft,

" You must come here to dine."

He said he would, but ere that day

He dropped his Em-a-line!

The jealous sneer is a fool's acknowledgment of the wise man's merit.

Sammy Spriggins, a prospective heir, thinks he would rather read his uncle's last will than his own new revised testament.

The story of our lives from year to year *Memory divides into chapters* prefaced by anticipations that *were not nor ever will be realized.*

AN EARNEST APPEAL.

That's a rib-tickling story which they used to tell out in Missouri at the expense of its once famous governor, Claiborne F. Jackson. Before he solved the enigma of love-lock, he had married five sisters!—in reasonable lapses of consecutiveness, as a matter of decency. After one wife had been lost and appropriately mourned, he espoused another, and he kept his courting within a narrow circle of his own relatives, for he rather liked the family. Some of his predilections were widows ere he again transformed them from Niobes into willing if not blushing brides, but it was all one to the conquering Benedict.

The antiquated father of these girls was quite deaf. Not, perhaps, as deaf as a post, nor, as Tom Hood hath it:

“Deaf as the definite article—”

neither quite as deaf as a miser usually is to the entreaties of poverty; but certainly deaf as a man who has been wedded for half a century to the same woman has every right to be.

When the Governor went to this octogenarian to ask for his surviving daughter, a conversation, thus faithfully reported, ensued:

“*Pop, I want Lizzie!*”

26346B

"Eh?"

"I want you to let me have Eliz-a-beth!"

"Oh, you want Lizzie, do you? What for?"

"For my wife!"

"For life?"

"I want—to—marry—her!"

"Oh, yes! Just so! I hear you, boy."

"I'm precious glad you do!" muttered the Governor.

"Well," slowly responded the veteran, "you needn't holler so that the whole neighborhood knows it! Yes, you can have her, Claib. You've got 'em all now, my lad; but for goodness sake, if anything happens to that 'ere poor misguided gal, don't come and ask me for the old woman!"

Jackson solemnly promised that he never would.

"That," said a Third Avenue stove dealer, as he gazed critically at a lot of badly-fitted pipe, "is what I call the Tramp style!"

"Why so?" inquired a looker-on in the saloon where Vienna beer was sold.

"Because it is out at elbows."

Another dime was flipped over the bar.

Handsome is as handsome drives without upsetting the hansom.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

The charming belle of Kip's Bay, whose visiting cards bear the name of Miss Belinda Van Klump, has an exclusive young man who occasionally pushes a Faber No. 3 for the benefit of the copy-hook of a New York daily paper. Calling upon the lady t'other evening, he embraced her and the opportunity, and impudently asked:

"What do you think of the liberty of the press, now, my caramel?"

"Well," she gasped, "I th-th-think it is too—too great a l-liberty. You've mashed my stays."

"Of corset can't be helped to-night," said the wretch, giving her another East Side squeeze.

Noticing the picture of a kangaroo on the business cards of an uptown professor of stenography, I interrogated: "Why this zoological advertisement?" "Well, you see, my friend, this animal is nature's most rapid exponent of short hand."

How beastly æsthetic!

Many a man is open to conviction, who ought to be, but never is, convicted.

Virtue comes in small packages, but vice by the *baleful*.

HOW HE STOOD IT.

Archimedes Astor Green, of Jersey City Heights, is one of those modest, retiring men who never refuse a candidacy when it is thrust upon them as a natural result of their own wire-pulling. Archimedes is, moreover, very original in his methods and happy at speech-making, inasmuch as he far oftener fits the action to the word than the phrase to the act. When he made the independent nomination for inspector of Hackensack crab nets, his admirers favored him with a serenade. Mr. Green had already put his hand into his pocket, so there was nothing to do but to lay its digits on his heart, which he did, most impressively. On the morning following the instrumental blow-out, one of the hired men, called musicians, was asked how the honored citizen stood the infliction.

"Oh," said the trombone teaser, "he rose to the occasion, but sat down on the beers. He *stood* us off!"

The man whose education is finished is a respirating mummy.

America imports British "lions" to growl about the country which George the Third found too hot to hold.

Old Jerry Tradollar told me t'other morning that he never saw his wife look so stunnin' as she did the first time she whacked him with a broomstick. He somewhat mournfully added : " Why, Lor' bless ye, Enrique, she made an indelible impression onto me!"

Tom Moore, as he is quoted by Jack Frost :
 " This world is all a sleety show for man's confusion given."

SAGACIOUS SAMMY SNIP.

Sam Snip, a happy tailor, lives
 Next door but one, you know!
 His days are spent in industry,
 His nights—well, just sew-sew.

His wife a charming woman is—
 Good heart and level head—
 Few ladies in the land so well
 Hold conversation's thread.

Her maiden name was Cassie Meer.
 Her parents, nothing loath,
 Helped press his suit, because they liked
 A man of Sammy's cloth.

The wedding quietly came off
 Without a frill or caper;
 The guests admired the bride, for Sam
 Most gorgeously did draper.

Now children three, smart tiny elfs,
Life's sweets are freely tasting,
But should their morals e'er misfit,
Sam will not spare the basting.

In stocks and bonds Snip oft in-vests
His profits to enhance;
And when "the street" is in a sweat
Sam naturally pants.

Though spiteful neighbors sometimes call
Sam's habits rather loose,
He ne'er with indignation fires
The grate that warms his "goose."

Success to Snip, ye tailor true,
Whose life, serenely past,
May he find rest, without a nap,
But-in-hole, at last.

A favor is forgotten much sooner than a carbuncle is brought to a head.

It is better to be behind the age than before a police magistrate.

There's too much capital and too little conscience in our over-governed land.

A new book is titled 'Short Sayings of Great Men.' When are we to have the "Great Sayings of Short Men?"

QUIZZING A BARBER.



HAD been travelling for a week. So had my beard. The nearest shaving "palace" was a destination most devoutly wished. Its red-and-white guide-post loomed up at the end of a ten minutes' dog-trot from the railway station. Walking into the capillarious spider web of Lazarus Latherem, I dropped my grip-sack in one chair and myself in another. The

proprietor smiled like a West Street tramp when he finds that he's in undisturbed possession of a new five-cent nickel. We had met before. There could be no doubt of it. I mean Lazarus and myself, not either of us and the tramp. He arranged my spinal column, and the chin and neck towels, and then spoke aloud. That is, Latherem did. It was his privilege as a boss tonsor, but I had nerved myself for the dread ordeal and tongue encounter.

"Been out of the city, sir?"

"Yes."

"Far?"

"To Minnesota and back. I've a sister-in-law, who lives there."

"Indeed!"

"Precisely! You see she is my brother's only widow. It was very sudden."

"What was sudden, sir?"

"The way my brother was taken."

"What took him, sir?"

"A requisition from the Governor of the State of New York."

[The man of gall and genuine Windsor soap appeared to be momentarily paralyzed, but he soon recovered his wind.]

"A capital crime, sir?"

"Yes, murder."

"Your own brother, sir?"

"Sad, and dismally true! My people keenly felt the disgrace, both prior to and after his trial and execution; but it can't be helped now, my sympathetic friend! He was a likely enough boy, and ought to have turned out better, but his gift of perennial eloquence led him to the scaffold. In an evil hour he button-holed one of our most prominent neighbors and talked him to death. Conscience-stricken at the horrible result of his vocalistic attack, my poor brother fled to the land of blizzards. Out there in Minnesota, blowing is often

fatal, but it is never indicted. My brother adopted the name of Wiggins. He soon got acquainted with a wealthy lumberman's freckled daughter. This heiress of lath-and-scantling pined for him, as it were, so they got spliced, and then boarded 'round among her folks. Time flew merrily on the eagle wings of hope. Children prattled at the knees and tugged at the store clothes of my brother and his wife. Five happy years and seven additional joyous months sped like an April raft on the waters of the booming St. Croix. Then came a rude, a direful awakening. The avenger was on his track, and Grabber's independent private detective agency run him down."

"How was he found out, sir?"

"By never being in when the officers called at the house."

[Here I got a vicious dab of sapon in my left eye. Yet again the barber rallied.]

"Then they laid for him?"

"Eggs-actly so! It all happened last Easter."

"Oh! That was *very bad*, sir!" [Another dab square in the mouth, and a spiteful, quick pull at the razor. Luckily for me the blade held, but my cheek was all in a quiver like the youngsters' new toy arrows.]

"They got him at last, you said, sir!"

"Yes; I'll tell you just how it was, if you will only keep quiet long enough to let me get a word in edgeways. I thought you barbers looked on William the Silent as your patron saint, but I must have been mistaken. However, that's got nothing to do with my story. It seems there was a regatta out in that section. Now my brother belonged to neither of the rival crews, but habit was strong within him, and like a stupid mule, as he was, he had to go and put in *his* oar. In less than half an hour he was in durance vile."

"In what, sir?"

"Jail."

"That was a very sorrowful affair, sir. Will you have bay rum, sir?"

"Not this time."

"Shampoo?"

"I guess not."

"Charley" (giving the towel a jerk), "wipe off the gentleman, and (stage whisper) give him a dry brush!"

As I buttoned up my overcoat and turned to leave the shop, I heard the disgusted Lazarus mutter to one of his journeymen: "Spink, that man was born at a lying-in hospital. He couldn't tell the truth if he was paid to do it. What a pity that he wasn't hung with his brother!"

SCATTERING SHOT.

Ask any carpenter, and he will tell you that "a square deal" is just as broad as it's long. So it should be in every trade.

Diplomacy never advertises the curs that bark at its heels.

A kaleidoscope takes so many glasses, no wonder it gets all mixed up.

The capital of France is called Paris by geographers and travellers, but the real capital of France is the intense patriotism of its people.

A circular saw not only "carries off the palm," but all your fingers, if you are fool enough to take a hand in the ragged edge of its centrifugality.

When you nail a lie be careful to clinch it, even if you are compelled to clinch its utterer.

Look out for the peregrinating scissors-grinder! He's a regular sharper.

"The tied has turned," said the hangman, impressively, as his victim's features became black and distorted.

OUR ANNUAL FEED.

"There will be plenty of 'stuff' next week," said one typo to another, within hearing of *The Judge* as His Honor loitered in Printing-House Square the other evening, waiting for a street car, with only a comfortable quota of homeward-bound Gothamites. "Why so?" queried Slug 8. "Because Thanksgiving Day will fill up our forms," was the technical response. It was, as the always respected A. Ward was wont to suggest, "a mild witticism"—possibly an ivy-clad jest, but the laugh came in all the same as the brace of compositors lit out, and *The Judge* was alone with his meditations. Ere the twilight of November's best Thursday has shadowed this land of thirst and appetite, America's fall supplement of national bird will have been largely transported to the internal regions of Gourmandy. The proclamations have gone forth, in bad syntax and worse metaphor, and Turkey is doomed. Behold the allegory he sees in the declining sunshine of his life. Perched on his final roost, he awaits the inevitable, realizing that what is Fate to him is Festival to millions who will squabble over the wish-bones of his species.

"We loved him *passing* well," sighed Filkins, when he heard that his landlord was dead.

INCONSTANT.

How much, ah, very much,
 Sweet Claribel,
 Your kiss, fond, luscious kiss,
 Deepens the spell,
 My heart, elastic heart,
 Owes Isabel!

'Tis strange, aye, wondrous strange,
 Marie, my queen,
 Your touch, love's thrilling touch,
 Recalls Helene,
 Whose hand, soft, dainty hand,
 I squeezed, unseen.

And yet, my winsome pet,
 Superb Elaine,
 How hard to choose ! I cannot lose
 Dear Sarah Jane :
 Her dad is rich in bonds and " sich ;"
 And—I am sane!

"When the swallows homeward fly," the bartender rakes in the stamps.

I recently met a thread-bare young ruralist who had the society craze so bad that he was denying himself food and clothing so he could accumulate enough money to buy an "Elite Directory."

Hog-pens should be built according to Grunter.

HORACE MODERNIZED.

I loathe the Cockney "swell," O lad,
This Anglo-maniac drives me mad—
Away from him, I'm over-glad
To spend a night, sir.

And with my maiden at my side,
Eat tripe with onions nicely fried—
Toss off a brace of beers, well shied
By native Schweitzer.

More people make complaints than ever make a living.

A smart book-keeper is able to rule up his accounts in red ink in an ink-red-ably brief space of time.

The sorrel nag is a dwarf horse reddish.

"When the morn of life is past," we mourn because it has passed.

Hold on to what you have rather than reach for that you cannot get.

"Time makes all things even." It levels the roughest natures and smooths the ugliest dispositions,

The exterior toggery and secret garniture of a Madison Avenue belle, who has recently been married, cost over one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and every stitch of it was made in America. I suppose every other maid in America will experience a sharp pang of envy when this item strikes the feminine optic.

I know a man who is boss of four languages, and yet he is not master of himself.

Cæsar thrice refused a crown, because he thought the Romans owed him a deal more than five shillings.

THIRTEEN AT TABLE.

I.

It was between the walnuts and the wine that little squint-eyed Cottingham briskly said: "Boys, talking of this Chinese question, I wonder if 'Old Hickory' were alive now, how long he would tolerate 'Young Hyson.'"

II.

"See here, Cottingham," roared O'Bese, the loquacious heavy weight, "that conundrum may suit you to a tea, but a fellow who more richly deserved cupping I never sau-cer." Ominous silence.

III.

By and by the chairman recovered from his snore, and felt called upon to ask: "Gentlemen, do you think this is a proper case for the coroner?" "No," solemnly responded the judge, "Mr. O'Bese died a perfectly natural death." And the champagne unanimously gurgled in assent.

IV.

After a commendable intermission, Davy Dullwit slowly got his five feet ten inches of convivial inebriety into a standing posture. "Friends, rum'uns, and country (hic) men, that (hic) reminds me—," and down he flopped. The concussion from Davy's sprawl cracked the transom light in three places.

V.

"A pane-less operation," muttered the army surgeon, as his left forefinger wavered in the direction of the shattered transom.

VI.

Blinks Bluepencil, funny paragrapher of the *Stumpville Wobbler*, felt that his reputation was at stake, but what could *he* do in such a crowd and at such a precarious hour? So it came to pass that his great, original, side-splitting query, "How does the ink stand?" was not subjected to midnight ribaldry.

VII.

It was at this juncture of the conversation that the cartoon artist remarked: "Gentlemen, I never indulge in vernacular pleasantry, but I crave your attention while my chum, A. Tourgee Ingersoll, shoots off his newest wrinkle in rhyme." [Sensation.]

VIII.

Æsthetically brushing back his perfumed locks, A. Tourgee Ingersoll, Esq., struck a vocal key (which at once disarmed criticism), and read from the back of a monogram envelope the annexed:

BONDEAU.

Held in a vice, like blacksmith's grip,
The shabby toper quaffs his "nip,"
 With optics bleared and nose a-flame,
 Oblivious of his manhood's shame;
Indifferent to the poisonous sip,
His watery peepers show a strip
Of bloodshot, and his chin and lip,
 Unshaven, merit barber's blame.

Held thus in vice,
The bummer-tramp drains no "egg-flip,"
No "golden-fizz" his goblet's tip—
 He scorns potations sweet or tame,
His stomach-scorcher always same.
 Poor outcast, how thy vitals rip,
 Held in a vice!

IX.

As Mr. Ingersoll's rhythm melted away in elocutionary cadence, an intelligent juryman dreamily said: "The poetry man need not apologize." It is recorded that he didn't.

X.

Bolivar Stoughton, a rising young lawyer (who will never lower his professional charges, not if fees in his right senses) here cleared his epiglottis and proposed that they "set 'em up again."

XI.

Something in Mr. Stoughton's emphasis offended Highquad, a bibulous type-slinger, who said in a rather more-sugar-than-sorrow tone: "No objection to another round, my friend, but where's the necessity of talking 'shop?'" The printer seemed out of "sorts" all the rest of the evening, but at the close of the festivities nobody could deny but what he had a "display head" on him.

XII.

It was old man Slouch, the hatter, who "felt" moved to remind them that this "tile" of thing had been going on about long enough, and it was time they all went off. He had finished his "nap" and wanted to start for home before the liquid combination forced him to take another snooze. He ended

his harangue by characteristically asking his right-hand crony if he had any "plug" in his clothes.

XIII.

The individual thus abruptly interrogated was a choir-leader, who retorted by demanding of the wretched Slouch: "How can you expectorate as a gentleman if you sing in such a spittoon as that?" This, of course, was the last straw, and broke the dromedary's back, though the other animals roared. As the gas was turned off, the chairman, with rare executive ability, put two uncorked bottles of Monopole Dry and a whole pint of Marcobrunner in the secure depths of his overcoat pockets, and tripped from the "banquet hall deserted," humming one of Tom Moore's lah-de-dah melodies with significant gusto.



There is such a thing as a man having great business capacity and a very small appetite.

Neighbor Podgers says there's a deal more jaw than jubilee in this country. He ought to know, for the third Mrs. Podgers has led him to the slaughter like a connubial lamb.

The most stubborn man has but one opinion about a live coal, and he soon drops it.

Sailors have heavy hearts when they can't make the beacon light.

Excess of leisure is more debilitating than overwork.

The brightest thoughts sometimes come from the dullest-looking men.

'Tis one thing to carry on a flirtation, and quite another to carry off an heiress.

Neglecting to pay your bills is debt-rimental to reputation.

The modern jeweller hangs his banners on the outer wall of vanity.

CHALKEY'S CHRISTMAS.

Everybody called him "Chalkey" because it was his name. Where he got it from none of us boys could tell. For my part, now that I come to remember, I never asked. And the poor fellow himself never knew who he was before he became a foundling. He had been discovered, like baby Moses, but not in the bulrushes, nor by a king's daughter. Deserted among strangers, Chalkey had grown up shabby and neglected. His disposition was easy, but the hardest fate imaginable more than counterbalanced it. He was the scape-goat of the whole village. It was only Chalkey, you know, and when nobody cared to be scourged for human depravity, the blame was shifted to Chalkey. He was charged with every possible infraction of the law and severely punished for misdemeanors that he never dreamed of committing. He was the butt of all practical jokes, and the alleged concocter of more mischief than was scattered from Pandora's box. I have often marvelled at his patience, and wondered why he didn't walk away from his tormentors and seek peace in another county. But he was no politician, and therefore never knew there was another county to be heard from.

At forty Chalkey was still a child in intellect, and at fifty he completed his education ; for it was t

he died. And it was thus that this happiest event in all his career came to pass. The first snow-storm of the season was a rouser. The flakes began to fly early on Christmas Eve, and by noon of the great universal holiday "the whitening shower" was over a foot deep on the level, and in many places heavily drifted. Chalkey had been engaged for a week doing chores for old Timothy Tightfist, one of the meanest of our rich neighbors. Long after night-fall on Christmas Eve his employer had told him he might knock off and not work until day after tomorrow. Gracious permission! Tired and hungry, the poor waif shambled off to his cabin on the outskirts of the village. The wind had increased to a tempest, and he lost his way, but found rest at last. Benumbed and heart-chilled, he solved a problem that ends all the arithmetic of life. Some woodcutters came across his body three days afterward in an unfrequented path. The thin hands were clenched, but no sign of agony was visible on the man's face. His Christmas banquet was at the table of Him who on earth was call a Nazarene, and who had the poor always at his feasts. "Day after tomorrow" had dawned on Chalkey in the Snowless City.

He jests at cars, who never held a brake.

SLIPPERY SILVER.

It was a ripe scholar, an observant man, a shrewd political economist, a long-headed son of the "Ould Dart," and, in the main, a downright good fellow, who, more than a half dozen cycles ago, got the divine afflatus by its scalp lock. The result of "the subsequent proceedings" was a poem of twenty-four lines and considerable prophecy, which found its way into millions of School Readers and unnumbered volumes of Elegant Extracts. The twenty-first line of this metrical favorite boldly informs us of what our great-great-grandfathers knew was as certain as frost in Nova Scotia :

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

Well, rather, George Berkeley, and with a constancy in these latter days that throws the narrative of Damon and Pythias into the dimmest shade of comparison.

This is the age of bonanzas. Every other home in the land of big prospectuses and small realizations is the thorny abiding place of some yearnful spirit. The local papers of Colorado, Nevada and Arizona breathe opulence in every issue. Temptation rides rough-shod over prudence. Wealth, suddenly acquired, has become a part of our national æstheticism. The art of money-earning is fairly eclipsed

by the knack of money-getting. So we turn our eager noses towards the Occident. By thousands and tens of thousands we cast our lives, our fortunes, and our stuck-up ambitions into mining; and they, the lives, fortunes, and ambitions aforesaid, usually remain just where restless inclination pitches them. The writer has looked over a vast field of human disappointment. He has seen in the precocious West heartaches and failures outnumber joyous fruitions in the ratio of six hundred to six. He has known respectable members of society, those who have never sat on packed juries or freshly-painted cellar doors, to leave the bustling marts of trade, fond wives, accumulating families and interesting creditors, and rush madly into the arms of that scurvy knave known as Will O'Thewisp; he, whose anomalous habitation is fenced with time-bleached skeletons.

Silver has become a personification of allurements. This saucy jade presumes to be ore-acular, and men, whose sanity was ere-while above reproach, now go crazy over lodes which they will never carry save in imagination. Far better to emulate the steam-driven spile, and yield to necessity, than blindly seek that which is about as easy to clutch as a Bayonne mosquito.

"BUSS ME MORE!"

Once upon an evening dismal,
I gave her a paroxysmal
Kiss, and called her name, baptismal;

Precious name, I loved of yore.
Ah, she was a darling creature,
Pert of speech, and fair in feature;
But, egad, you couldn't teach her,
For she had been there before—

And only murmured:

"Buss me more!"

"Where will it awl end?" queried the shoemaker
as he punched the sole leather and resumed the
thread of his argument.

"You're a bright one, you are!" said the coiner
to the new dollar. "Yes, and I have stood the haz-
ard of the die!" was the ringing answer.

When you want to tickle a woman stick a hand-
some ostrich feather under her nose.

A cabinet maker is one of those circumstances
that alter cases.

The insidious banana peel always hits a man be-
hind his back. I sat down to think of this.

There's no mourning in the "wake" of a homeward-bound vessel.

"I hope you won't take off-fence, but there's too much stile about this farm," said the city visitor after he had climbed backward and forward over the broad acres of his rural cousin — seventeen times, more or less.

Blue eyes are to be trusted. "True blue," you know.

"I don't know how it is," said Jack Dumbthump, "everybody is forever quoting that 'ignorance is bliss,' and yet I'm not happy." "That's because you've just got enough sense to know what a fool you are," commiseratingly replied a sarcastic neighbor.

As the clock-maker is always working over-time, no one can deny that he has a perfect right to strike.

Fashion is the will-o'-the-wisp that leads us step by step to the quicksands of Society.

The jealous mind is festooned with the cobwebs of suspicion.

LA FAUSTIN.

[From the French of Redmond de Gonesse.]

CHAPTER I.



FAUSTIN! It is night.

Night out-doors, night above,
night below, night all around.
Night in the house, and nitre in
that bottle on the mantel.

"Sweet spirits," hear my
prayer.

La Faustin has had a malarial
shake-up, but she feels better now,
and the medicine vial is a teaspoonful-for-an-adult
less in its contents.

La Faustin is an actress. She has a sister, and an
assortment of lovers.

This narrative is very like a stale clam. It opens
on the sea-shore. "The spacious firmament on
high" is bespangled with stars mirrored by the
phosphorescent waves.

Two women are on the sands, and the shells of
ocean, so to speak, are on their muscle.

These two women mainly consisted of La Faustin
and her sister Maria.

Occasionally, and sometimes oftener, the strong
scar-beeze ruffled the ample bathing-suits of these

taciturn, motionless females, and sent miniature thrills of Arctic ecstasy up and down their graceful spines. La Faustin actually shivered, and every now and then Maria's twenty-eight-franc set of vulcanite caramel-biters chattered in symphony.

There were three men watching these two women. One of the men was named Carsonac, another was labeled Blancheron, and the third was Monsieur Luzy. They all admired La Faustin, and flirted desperately with Maria. There are idiots in France as well as elsewhere.

Suddenly through the silence and the duskiness came the voice of one of the women, as if she had been rudely aroused from a passionate dream :

"I'm hungry!"

It was enough. The three men arose, shook off the sea-damp, and glumly led the way to a brilliantly lighted restaurant. It was a fortunate coincidence that our friend Carsonac had that very day drawn a prize in the Royal Havana Lottery. He defied the costly *menu* and Maria's appetite. It was she who had spoken, but La Faustin put her up to the alimentary dodge.

CHAPTER II.

Our heroine, as we have said at the same time

heretofore previous, is an actress. This is where she materially differs from Anna Dickinson.

Behold her in her Parisian boudoir! We are referring to La Faustin. All successful actresses have boudoirs. They invariably keep them in the house. A boudoir is a nice thing to have in the house. It is far more *recherche*, as it were, than a landlord's notice to quit. An author ought to know, for he has tried both.

There's a table in this identical boudoir, and it is solid walnut. None of your cheap veneered and stained imitations for La Faustin. Not any, if you please! On the table, between two white paper bags of mixed candies (one bearing the name of Sardinier and the other that of Bossy), were placed a dish of partridges cooked with Bermuda asparagus, and a salad which smelt green and oily, and was garnished with segments of hard-boiled hen-fruit. It is almost, if not quite, unnecessary to remark that Sardinier and Bossy are two other men. Carsonac pays the bills of this establishment. His time is fully occupied arguing with tradesmen and duns. Carsonac often wishes that he was a fashionable New York clergyman. He needs a vacation; ah, very much!

CHAPTER III.

Luzy was with Blancheron, who had been telling

him a story. After it was finished M. Blancheron had fallen into a deep revery, but no bones were broken.

Let us describe Luzy. He was the exact opposite of Blancheron. This was because he sat on the other side of the room. He was, moreover, a spry, handsome little fellow, with bigger aspirations than a forge bellows. He adored the society of artists and literary men, and they tolerated him because he had a soft head, a long purse, and a yacht on the Mediterranean. Blancheron was a stock-jobber. He found Luzy was quite useful. He took him in—that is to say, into his confidence.

Again Blancheron speaks. He is talking of La Faustin, of her triumph in Phedre, and of her affection; the latter being far more Vassarlating than the kitten love of a Poughkeepsie school-girl. What Blancheron said to Luzy will be indefinitely postponed.

CHAPTER IV.

Lord Annandale was an Englishman and a fool. He had travelled under the more convenient appellation of William Rayne. He had met Juliette. This was La Faustin's baptismal cognomen. It is *important*, if of any account, that these two personages had met by chance the usual way. In fact,

they had severally encountered each other when they were very young and giddy, and, as a paradoxical fact, had forgotten themselves. But they never forgot one always-to-be-remembered evening, when they were both registered at the "Hotel de Flanders," in Brussels. Should any of our readers ever migrate towards Brussels, they will find that the caravansaries "Mengelle" and Bellevue" are the swell publics. They charge high. La Faustin had not set her eyes on William Rayne for a long time, She consoled herself with Blancheron, but that restless, equivocal wretch didn't take much stock in her amatory gush. He preferred to deal in more active shares. Had he not said to himself many a time and oft in the Rialto or somewhere else: "Juliette's feelings towards me are like those of a good woman who tries to love her husband, and that's not what I want"? It strikes us that M. Blancheron was hard to please.

CHAPTER V.

William Rayne at last turns up, not in a circus, but in the nick of time. They call it the "Nick-of-time," we presume, because it is the hour that old Satan chooses for his peculiar line of work. Blancheron was jealous, but reasonable. He sent a letter by private messenger. Here is the scrawl in respectable type:

“VEREFLAY, — P.M.

“JULIETTE: To massacre Lord Annandale would not restore you to me; now would it? Well, as there is no Juliette for me in the future, I am about to dissolve partnership with the present. I shall slay myself with an express train. The idea is not entirely original, but it's sure. I have chosen the place of my immolation, and you know how practical I am. Mine will seem to be a natural death and one in which you had no concern. In my childhood I was poor; my youth was one of privations; I'm used to being crushed. The car-wheels will therefore be to me naught but passing events. It will soon be over; the locomotive, I mean.

“I have loved no other human creature than yourself, and a dog that you seemed to like; you are too proud to receive the legacy of my savings, but you will accept poor Dick. He has safely weathered the distemper and will give you no trouble. Adieu.

“BLANCHERON.”

A faint sob was heard from the crimson *farteuil*. Womanlike, La Faustin had blubbered. “That man truly loved you! send for the dog,” was the laconic but sympathizing remark of Lord Annandale, as he got up and stretched his patrician limbs.

CHAPTER VI.



William Rayne was dying, and Juliette rapidly becoming habituated to the frequency of widowhood. Annadale and La Faustin had been touring in Germany and Switzerland, and had finally simmered down at the villa Isemburg, in Lindau. Here just at dawn on his last morning of earthly residence, Annandale arose to open the window. He was overcome with a sudden convulsion of pangs, and could not raise the sash. Clinging to it he yelled for Juliette, and fainted ere she reached him. When the doctor came he looked wise, and was brief in his wherefores. It was apparent that Lord Annandale's poultry was eternally cooked. In the lingo of Gallic expressiveness, it was all up with the *dindonneau*.

And this was the end of their reunion and love? Could it be true? Was it possible? It could, it was!

"Look, madame," exclaimed the physician. "You see the contraction of the muscles simulates the perfect laugh. Ah, madame, you are about to witness a distressing scene, an *agonie sardonique*. I must leave you now, but only for a few minutes. I

go to Hallenburg, but return at once to make notes on the phenomena."

It was midnight, and still the doctor was absent. La Faustin was alone with her William, and fascinated by his dying contortions, actresslike, she gradually began to imitate them. [This is Frenchy, but strictly correct in realistic novel writing.—ED.] Just as she was getting well wrought up in her mimicry, the moribund nobleman recovered his consciousness. She was caught in the act.

Lord Annandale rung the bell at the foot of the bed. Two servants entered the chamber of horrors.

"Turn out that woman!" screamed the young Englishman in a voice that quivered with Saxon implacability.

La Faustin rushed to her lover, grabbed his hands and pressed them to her enamelled lips.

He thrust her away, and remarked with scornful deliberation, "You are an actress, nothing more. You are incapable of affection!"

Then turning his face to the wall to await the arrival of the last summons, the disgusted Annandale emphatically repeated, "Turn out that woman."

Juliette Faustin refused to budge. She is probably there yet.

Guide books are the literature of the superficial.

Here's a marine paradox : How can there be eight belles struck on a vessel, when the roughest sailor is too gallant to raise his hand against a lady passenger ?

"Your time has come !" solemnly remarked Mrs. Nobbs, as the jeweller's boy brought in her husband's watch.

It was after midnight when Octavius F. Flam, Esq., of Madison Avenue, returning from the club, met his footman at a street corner.

"Halloo, Jeems, where y' bound at this time o' night ? After no good, I warrant !"

"Came out after you, sir !" said the laconic Jeems.

"Slips go over," said little Archie, as he pulled his head through a night-shirt.

He who is rich in expedients is generally poor in pocket.

"Trifles slight as heirs," said the nurse, when she told pater familias that it was twin boys.

The King of Italy is Humbert, and the sovereign of America is Humbug.

Cupid is not a low servitor. On the contrary,
the little god is decidedly high-ménial.

Youth and beauty don't amount to much unless
backed by wealth and a big wardrobe.

WOMAN'S WAY.

One tear-drop from a mother's eye,
One little sob from mother's heart,
Will make her wild boy's conscience start,
And waken echoes to her sigh.

One heavy slap from mother's hand,
A whack upon that wild boy's ear,
Will make him from her presence steer,
And rue the mischief he had planned.

"Boys will be boys"—the adage runs—
And women are but mortal, too;
So, when a mother grabs her shoe,
The woe that's pending is her son's.

A sigh, a sob, a tear-drop; all
Are well enough at certain times—
But, as I close my homely rhymes,
I hear the next-door urchin bawl.

New Year's resolutions soon crease in the back
and bulge at the knees.

When the striped fish are slow to bite, it's a clear
case of bass tardy.

In the course of human events triplets become problems to be only solved by the rule of three.

Facts speak louder than words, and midsummer thunder is one of those resonant facts.

Canned fruits are sealed proposals for future lunches.

Held to answer: A maiden meek when her beau pops the question.

How long does a man linger who waits for another "a reasonable length of time?"

In Yorkville, t'other night, there was quite a rumpus, with roundsmen hurrying to and fro. The "upshot" of the matter was that a chap was arrested for firing his gun in the air.

"There's an article going the rounds" called a barrel hoop.

The codfish aristocracy are not such sardines as to go on a pleasure trip when there's a mackerel sky.

A truly benevolent man never boasts of his charities; nor does a "born poet" brag of his verses.

THE IDLE REVEREND.

A SOCIETY YARN.

CHAPTER I.



Reader, come with me !

This invitation doesn't include five weeks' board, nor a free season ticket on the X. Y. Z. and P. B. Q. R. R., John Doe, receiver; Richard Roe, general passenger agent.

If it did, you may rest assured that I wouldn't be so spontaneous with my hospitality.

Let us away to the rock-ribbed coast of New England, even to that classic promontory known among the hardy Vennor-beaten, Professor Tice-blasted toilers of the billowy waste as "Cape Shad." Here rests the keel of our weird and obstreperous narrative.

Shall we poise on the wooden leg of ceremony, or at once, and without formality or super-calendered visiting cards, make ourselves known to Rev. Tendon Spree ? Well, I guess we will.

"How are you, Tendon, my boy ?" He says he

is. That's what might be expected from one of his cloth. We hope it may ever continue no worse with him.

Tendon Spree is thirty-four years of age. This important leaf of the family record makes no mistake. You can bet high on its reliability, because it was paged by Tendon's own bona-fide mother, his happy father's legally espoused wife. Besides there is strong collateral testimony of its genuineness.

Tendon's nurse is still living in a vine-embowered cottage on the principal avenue of Mackerelville, and she distinctly remembers that thirty-four years ago, come next Whitsuntide, she simperingly announced to the anterior Spree: "Please, sir, and it's a boy!"

We shall have nothing whatever to do with this interesting young man's childhood. It was an epoch in his career over which we kindly draw the patch of oblivion; but it doesn't quite cover. We will turn out the rag-bag and get another patch.

CHAPTER II.

It must be scrumptious to be worshipped by the ladies of your parish. That is, always providing that you are a regularly ordained minister and have a parish, a life-insurance, two vacations every year, and a promptly paid salary of six thousand dollars

per annum, and roseate expectations. "Oh, it's a big thing!" as the small boy said when he looked his fill of imported Jumbo. In fact it is one of the strongest elephants of a clergyman's popularity. If you don't believe it, ask my friends, DeWitt Beecher, Henry Robert Talmage and Ward Collyer. They will, like good men and true, affirmatize my veracity. Why shouldn't they? Our hired girls are as strangers to each other.

The scene opens at the most opportune moment. It is the dinner hour at Cape Shad. It comes once every day, and is solidly appreciated by the majority of the inhabitants in the immeditate neighborhood of a good appetite.

Gabriel has blown his horn. This Gabriel is a cross between a farm-hand and a chore-boy. He's not in the book, but that's immaterial. It's nothing but a casual oversight, and many such happen when the author is nervous, inexperienced and unidentified. Let it pass.

Gabriel gives one more resounding toot on his rusty tin cornet, and then "puts" for the house. He's in time for the soup; and the Widow Sloane, who bosses that particular summer resort, deliberately helps him to a second plate of *consomme bourrier*. We have no further use for Gabriel. He's **very** busy. The hair sticks in his teeth.

CHAPTER III.

Nice old girl is Madame Van Shortland. At least *she* thinks so. She's another widow. The main reason for this was that she had been hearty enough to outlive her husband. His grave was kept green at a stipulated annual expense of two dollars and a quarter. The horticultural firm of Sodden and O'Mara, opposite the cemetery, attended to this little side-show of post-mortem respect. The bulk of the daily avocation of these knights of the spade was, however, devoted to enthusiastic tussles with the poteen, which blears but does not ameliorate. They also are not in the book, and very properly they ought not to be.

Madame Van Shortland regarded Tendon Spree as "just too awfully splendid." Her rival masher was one Monogram Shivers, who wrote sketches with camel's-hair pencils. Miss Shivers was known as "Monny." She doted on her nickname, and passionately adored the restless, throbbing, boundless, cruel sea. Moreover, she canvassed for a dealer in marine views, and that's why she came to Cape Shad. She intended to exhibit at the Rational Academy of Design, with the committee's permission.

Fate and the jolt of a rickety wagon threw this *highly artistic* maiden and the Rev. Tendon Spree

promiscuously together. Madame Van Shortland determined to be the power behind the thrown. How she succeeded in her knee-capfarious intrigues we shall observe as the tale draws on apace.

CHAPTER IV.

"Monny" was still young, and pardonably susceptible. Both are very ordinary failings among heroines, but they don't count when gush and moonlight nights are tossed into the scale. She loved Tendon Spree with a love as intense as the noon-day heat on the Simoomish expanse of the desert. There was no visible let-up to her predilection for the clerical Adonis, and he was willing that it should be thus. Not so with Madame Van Shortland. How the bonfires of hate struggled to blaze out in holocaustive flames! How the perfunctory inoculations of the absinthe of terra-cotta seethed and bubbled amid the wavelets of differential insouciance! How like a rasping leaf the sleuth-hounds of revenge tracked the umbrageous secrets of the heart to the outmost recesses of its sentimental ambushade!

Where are we? Ah, on the very threshold of

CHAPTER V.

Harold Delaney and his sister Kitty were blood

relations. They had been born at the same time and place. In a single word, with a double yoke, they were twins. Harold was a cadet in the United States Millinery Institute. That is, he had been catalogued as such when he was "spoons" on Monny. His affection for her was only triple-plated; and, as a matter of course, it soon wore down to the baser metal of his selfishness. Harold semi-occasionally goes on "tears" and rips things. It is a chronic ailment with sub-lieutenants.

Kitty was a gay and frolicsome lass. She dressed in her brother's uniform and went gallivanting down to Louisiana in company with Miss Shivers. This was long before the epidemic of competition in *affaires d'amour* so strongly developed itself at Cape Shad, but it was the extremely undramatical pedestal on which Madame Van Shortland hoped to erect the downfall of Monny's triumph over the gizzard of Tendon Spree.

So she (that is Shortland—the wretch!) wrote about nineteen libelous instalments of epistolary postscript to the credulous parson, and accused Monny of going on a picnic with Harold Delaney all the way from the West Point barracks to the jetties of Jim Eads. This allegation was as false as Madame's best Sunday-go-to-meeting teeth, but the seven-story-and-a-mansard-roof pride of Tendon

Spree sustained an electric shock from which it was three days getting back to convalescence.

CHAPTER VI.

Madame Van Shortland was found out. So the bill-collector reported to the book-keeper of Milord & Draper, the great dry-goods merchants, after he had been four times to her house to get the little amount due for a maroon-colored damassé. The fact is that Madame went to Europe to hide her diminished head and society reputation. As for Tendon Spree, he felt like kicking himself for being such a blind-staggered idiot. Instead of doing this he rushed off for the depot of the X. Y. Z. and P. B. Q. R. R., and luckily caught the half-past nine morning express. He arrived at Cape Shad in ample time to save Monny and her canine favorite, "Duke George," from being swamped by the high tide of that cruel, boundless, throbbing, restless sea, heretofore invoiced in this legend. [See Chapter III.]

We would like to continue this in our next, but firmly believe there is no plausible concatenation of absolute recalcitrant dilutions. Tendon Spree is a happy and self-complacent husband, and still wears *the chenille* and gold-beaded slippers Monny worked *for him* in the blissful long, long days, when they

went clam-hunting on the beach at Cape Shad. We had imagined there was a moral or something of that sort in the loves and disquietudes of this idle Reverend, but the book is wound up as tight as a loom bobbin.

Tendon Spree did some very startling things, and level-headed people might think he was an addlepate, if we retailed only about two and a half per cent of his unministerial vagaries. We have a slightly-built conscience, however, and mindful of the Latin proverb, which we here quote from choice Gallic Italian: "*Grand-merci, Græculus esuriens; hoc erat in votis,*" we drop our hero, the subject, and a fair-to-middling plot. And with this abrupt tumble to the racket, we permit ourselves to write

FINIS.



The indifference which reaches sublimity was exhibited by the prisoner on trial for murder in Connecticut who fell asleep in the court room.—*Yonkers Gazette*. It was indeed an odd spectacle.—*New York News*.

Ladies, don't keep a business man waiting when he asks the all-important question. He may have another "engagement," for all you know to the contrary.

The easiest way to empty the "lock-up" is to take out the key.

During tar-boiling time it is always "pitch" dark in the pineries of North Carolina.

Quite recently a book-agent had the temerity to invade Bergen County, New Jersey. He told me in confidence, after his hair-breadth escapes, that he had no longer any desire to canvass for a volume of experience.

Editors are privileged characters. They have a right to be ink-consistent.

More squeak than poetry in nine tenths of our soles.

• THE PARSON'S SURPRISE.

When my younger sister and myself were wee toddlers, a clergyman, fresh from Amherst and ordination, lived with the same family that boarded us. He was very fond of Sis from her baby days; taught her to walk and to speak plainly—'most too plainly, as the sequel proved. A favorite salute as he entered the house was "Hello!"

One Sunday when his little friend in pinafores was not as aged as a restaurant caster, but about its identical size, the folks at home took her to church for the first time, and I must say that she behaved remarkably well, until her attention was attracted to a voice from the pulpit, saying:

"We will begin the morning's lesson by reading—"

"Hello!" screamed Sis, and then promptly subsided into the echo of her puny treble.

The good people involuntarily tittered, the dominie, himself, took refuge in an ambiguous cough; while our mother's facial perplexity was totally eclipsed by father's portentous frown.

An innocent child, bewildered in a sacred temple, had prematurely sounded the bugle call of electric science. Thirty years after, the telephone palliated her grave offence.

AN INVITATION DECLINED.

A sonnet on Niagara has just reached our busy fingers. The writer invites us to come to "that dark abyss from which the spray doth leak in torrents." We deeply regret that our india-rubber armor is in hock.

FOUND IN HER STOCKING.

"'Twas the night before Christmas,
When all through the house—"

there was a mystery and a rush that quite awed the expectant, wide-awake children into a silence which enabled them to hear each other's heart-beats every bit as plain as the tick of Grandfather Winslow's big watch. The revered owner of that marvel, propped in his high-backed rocker, slept by the open fire-place and dreamed of nothing that has aught to do with this story. How the women folks, down-stairs and up in the sitting-room, toiled and argued. The Christmas tree had been planted in the front parlor, and busy fingers were already tying and retying its curious fruit. At last all was done, including the cramming of the wee socks and more lengthy balbriggans. Susie Brown, the right-eyed kitchen maid, had been quietly told by

grandfather at supper to be careful to hang up her stocking with the rest, but none of the young ladies even noticed it, much less did they condescend to load it with bon-bons or surprises. But Susie had been in bed two whole hours and was blissfully oblivious of the slight. At last the old moon-faced clock struck midnight twelve ringing blows, and the girls, with mamma and Aunt Martha, trooped down the wide staircase to rouse grandfather with their chorus of happy wishes—and then the patriarch, like the prim gentleman he was, saluted them all and led the way to the upper precincts of Nod. By and by the heavy eyelids descended and all that household slumbered. Nay, I am wrong. Grandfather Winslow was actually playing 'possum.

One o'clock chimed, and he intently listened. Not a soul excepting himself was awake. The steady breathing and resonant snore made him well satisfied on that point. Noiselessly pulling himself together he got out of bed and felt his way to his writing desk. Lifting its lid he took out a small letter-shaped packet and then walked deliberately over to the sitting-room. It was light enough for the wily old man to see the stockings. He knew Susan's at once by its emptiness. Something between a shiver and a chuckle shook his thinly clad frame as he dropped the packet into little Miss

Brown's pedal overcoat. Then he briskly waltzed back to his blankets.

Early as Susie arose, Bob and Willie, and even slow-going, curly-haired Gertrude, beat her that morning. What a din they made over the tree, what a dash for the stockings! And then their generous young hearts went out in love offerings to Susie. How they good-naturedly fought to see who could give her the most. Bob grabbed her stocking from its nail and said: "I'll fill it, Sue." Then Willie caught hold of its foot and gleefully exclaimed: "Why, there's somethin' in it now!" So the letter was produced. It was quite thick, and fastened with tape and wax. Ten-year-old Gertrude soberly declared it was grandfather's writing, and read on the outside:

FOR SUSAN BROWN.

TO BE OPENED AFTER BREAKFAST.

They wondered and waited, and when that all-important meal, which everybody thought they couldn't do without, and which nobody reached a second plate for, was ended, grandfather called Susie in from the kitchen and told her to let Mrs. Holland (that's mamma, you know) read the letter.

re it is:

DENVER, Colorado, Dec. 9, 1878.

MY DEAR SUSIE: I am your father. You knew you had one, didn't you? I've never seen you since you were a tiny baby, and your poor mother died while I was roughing it in Australia. Three years ago I returned to my native country, landing from a Sydney steamer at San Francisco. I was still a rover and had but little money. Some miners told me of the silver prospects in Colorado. I had grown indifferent to stories of easy wealth, but I came here, and to-day am one of the richest men in the centennial State. All this good luck is of a year's growth. My business is of such a magnitude that I could not come to you for many months, but I have bought an elegant home for you, and you must come out here to me. Since August last I have corresponded with my old friend, Robert Winslow. He knows all my wishes. This packet is enclosed to him to give to you on Christmas. With it you will find a bank draft on New York for five thousand dollars. It is to buy you a suitable outfit—everything a young lady ought to have whose long missing parent turns out to be somebody, after all. Mrs. Holland will help you to properly spend the money, and "Grandfather" Winslow, who wants to visit the new West, will bring you out. Now God bless you, little daugh-

ter! May you have a merry, joyous holiday, and come just as soon as you can get ready, to

Your affectionate father,

MILLARD BROWN.

Susie, who for six uneventful years had had entire control of the Hollands' kettles and stewpans, now lost all control of herself and sobbed as if her heart would break.

But it didn't.

"Hooray!" shouted Bob.

"Bully, isn't it?" said Willie.

"O Susie, I'm so glad," whispered Gertrude, and indeed she was.

Then the four big girls kissed her, one after another, and Aunt Martha and Mamma Holland gravely wished her more happiness than old Doctor Johnson ever got into his famous dictionary. Grandfather looked wise and comfortable, as he had a perfect right to do.

But didn't they scold him for never telling!

What a Christmas it was, to be sure, and how popular "Miss" Brown was with all the callers.

And the very next day Susie went shopping for the first time in her life.

"Hope springs eternal" without sticking a pin into it.

CROCKERY.

Oft and oft, when I was little,
Waiting to grow tall,
I have broken vessels, brittle—
'Cause I let them fall.

Let them slip between my digits,
Bang against the floor,
Then (like other well-thrashed midgets)
Cried an hour or more.

Now I'm bald and gray, and battered,
Things still go to smash:
Hopes and loves are daily shattered—
One continual crash.

Life is naught but cups and saucers:
Handle it with care!
Though this poem isn't Chaucer's,
Fame is earthenware.

If a man wants to collect his thoughts, he must
dun his brain.

"Fortune knocks once at every man's door," but
misfortune stalks in many times without knocking,
and gives its hardest raps afterward.

As a murderer's cell is often too small for him to
stretch in, the kind-hearted sheriff gives him rope
enough to stretch himself outside. This noose is
reliable. You can depend on it.

THE MISSION OF MIRTH.

"The exigencies of rhyme make a jolly place of heaven, according to a poet of *The Observer* :

" 'A glorious hereafter
My soul there is to be,
Where light and life and laughter
Shall reign eternally.' "

The above preamble and quotation I clip from a strait-laced journal, which to my mind sneeringly intimates that the verse-writer's estimate of celestial bliss is rather heterodox. Now what sort of a heaven would this quizzing editor have? We talk of "heaven upon earth." Is it not made by the cheerful mirth-loving philosophers who look at life as it ought to be, rather than as it is usually made by croakers and malcontents? Does any level-headed man or woman care (in this intellectual day) to take big interest in a promised home where laughter is forbidden? Think for a moment of a future state without singing and dancing and a spontaneous jubilee. Only those who can laugh, loud, long and heartily, are fit for heaven. He who "spake as never man spake," welcomed little children there before they could know the mission of mirth was not altogether of the earth earthy. To be sure there is (and too frequently)

a time to weep; but there is always an hour for jollity. I am a trifle vain of a paragraphic sentiment, which dropped from my pen several years ago and briskly went the rounds. It is this: "Merriment pays a larger dividend than Melancholy, for its stock is never watered by the tears of Regret." Don't tell me or any other body that believes in his own sanity, that it isn't all "light and laughter" in heaven. Are there not golden streets, and gem-lit waters, and many mansions resonant with the warble of angels? Would it be unheavenly if a seraph laughed outright at good St. Peter for fumbling in the wrong pocket for his famous keys? Would it be sinful if that eminent canonized worthy grinned when he found them? Well, I guess not.

I never had any patience with creeds that taught otherwise. Mirth is natural; it is pure; it is strictly honest. There can be no true ripple of laughter at another's expense. The practical joker is vulgar and mean-souled. His jest is hollow, and only echoes the pain or sorrow of his victim. Vast, indeed, is the difference between low, coarse ribaldry and the sparkling genuine cadences of human glee.

No one was ever wronged by an ebullition of vivacity. What the sprightly French term *gaieté*

de cœur is a harmless epidemic. Heaven is permeated with it, and earth ought to be, for it is the most resplendent fresco of a happy home. The mission of mirth is righteous and eternal.

Duty is the lot of all and the neglect of the majority.

There isn't room enough in Rhode Island to turn the tables on the dominant political party.

Our ferry-boats provide room for man and beast. The beasts are usually found stalled in the ladies' cabin.

"It is," says *The Court Journal*, "astonishing what advanced steps the Americans are taking in music." Here is direct encouragement for the organ-grinders to keep moving on.

How clever and indefinite is the man who never gives offence!

The days of Irish minstrelsy are no Moore, alas, no Moore!"

The balance of trade is not always a platform scale.

MUSE-SICK.

We met by chants the usual way,
One Sunday in the choir;
I liked hymn for his tenor voice,
Which none could help admire.

Sue Prano tried to thwart my love ;
She acted very bass,
And meanly told him, he were wise,
My image to efface.

But I was mirrored on his heart,
Indelible and pure ;
He said he ne'er could duet,
Solo, I've got him sure.

A man can convert government securities without being a revivalist.

I have known the same people who couldn't take a joke to deliberately crib postage stamps.

Once upon a time England had a poet laureate named Pye, but from some of his lines we should judge that he was only a cake.

At a banquet in Madrid, not long ago, the Marquis de Sardoal drank "to the liberty of the press, to Democracy, and to King Alfonso !" Rather a mixed drink.

ABNEGATION.

I can but think a woman's wink
Is rarely accidental;
The sex at flirting is adept,
For tempted Eve, old Adam wept
And suffered supplemental.

We all recall man's primal fall,
And how Eve tried to cater
To our first daddy's taste for fruit,
Before he donned that fig-leaf suit—
Ah, too-too *alma mater*!

The other day—far up Broadway—
I saw a seal-clad damsel,
Whose lashes quivered 'neath the gaze
Of every man that dared to raise
His eyes and look at mam'selle.

I later met this arch coquette,
Returning from her shopping;
Demure and innocent she seemed,
And yet a roguish twinkle gleamed
From optic gently dropping.

What I did then, O evil men,
Who wickedly are guessing,
You'd not believe on solemn oath:
I *didn't* (though by no means loath)—
Now isn't this distressing?

Presents of mind are not promiscuously handed
around with other gratuities, like the gift of gab.

THE DISAGREEABLE MAN.

*Another French Literary Wrinkle ; but not by the Authoress of
" A Fascinating Woman."*

CHAPTER I.



AGAIN we are in beautiful, voluptuous, Commune-despoiled Paris; the home of art and fashion and Worth; the city of grandeur, students, grisettes, chiffonniers and gendarmes; the abode of naughtiness and *jeu d'esprit*. At No. 2319 Quai

de Prunelles, hangs the battered tin sign of Jules Bombast, the surly fruiterer. His has been an eventful life, full of existence and dates, for which none but his sweet-toothed customers probably cared a fig. He had grown wealthy by a shrewd manipulation of the long-to-be-recollected Black Friday in the banana market. It was a big day, that, for Jules Bombast and early crop bananas! Jules was the latest nursling of a family of thirteen children, an aggregate donation of one mother and three fathers to the municipal census. A very domestic and industrious woman had been that much-wedded feminine who consecutively bore the legal names of Du-

basse, Thibault, and Bombast. Her several husbands, each in his proper rotation, had not merely adored her, but had most implicitly relied on her matronly capacity. She never disappointed their over-weening confidence, but was, for all that, piously jubilant when the weaning *was* over, and well done with. As we have more than hinted, Jules was her ultimate anxiety, and he had been quite sufficient for a whole brigade of mothers. As for *pere* Bombast, he dyed that his darling Jules might live. This abnegating freak of nature is best explained by the highly-colored accounts of the elder Bombast's great success as a tinter of silk ribbons. There was for many years a brisk hue and cry for his showy handicraft. Though he had been known to occasionally knock things black-and-blue, none of his patrons were ever green enough to deny that much of his fancy work was done up brown. In fact, old man Bombast was thoroughly saturated with color. While his ruby proboscis could hardly be termed a sober reality, it was none the less deserving of a chromo. In his younger days he had become addicted to foppish attire, so when a graceless local wag referred to one of his neighbors as "an over-dressed boar," everybody knew at once that Bombast, the dyer, was the pigment.

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CHAPTER II.

When good Mother Bombast decided to evacuate this annoying terrestrial sphere, the half of which, as history books tells us, was discovered by the eldest son of Dominico Colombo and Suzanna Fontanarossa, his loving, obedient wife, she (not Miss Sue Fontanarossa that had been, but Widow Bombast as was) gave her blessing, a string of amber beads, and twenty francs to the soon-to-be-doubly-orphaned Jules. Then she calmly dissoluted and went to her own funeral in a body. It was a bitter cold day when she was left, and the ceremony at the graveyard was the death of her. Jules wept. The usages of polite society expected him to exhibit this much filial respect, but it went against his grain to blubber in public. Then he dried his fountains of controllable grief and sauntered back to his desolate hearth and searched every nook and corner of the chimney-place. He was greedily intent on securing a few more beads or francs, we shall soon know which. His inquisitive toil was barren of results, so he at length gave it up and sat down to howl afresh. Then he soliloquized in interrogation :

“ What am I going to do to pay for my grub and rent ? Parbleu ! Blast my timbers and shiver my

gaiter bootongs! [His pronounciation, I would have you to comprehend, was mellifluously O. K.] What in the oratorical thunderation of mighty Jove am I ever going to do with only twenty francs? Why, it won't buy me a receipt for six months' dues in the Petite Champignon Yacht Club! Where could the venerable girl have stowed away all *l'argent* which she was forever hoarding up and salting down?"

And Echo pleasantly replied: "Down!"

"Aha!" screamed Jules, as he rushed to the cellar, "she buried it!"

CHAPTER III.

Digging by candle-light, when you find nothing, is very laborious work. Jules desisted on the third heat, and cursed his luck, without any thought of the danger of swearing out loud, after the new penal code of the State of New York had gone into operation. But the orphan was mad, and moreover there were two water-blisters on his right hand. His next question: "Has this spade?" Echo answered with a hollow laugh. Then Jules called himself a *bouffon*, and crept back to his dadoed garret. Here he performed the last sad rites, and by evening mail sent tidings of his bereavement to his mother's coun-

try relations at Bolbec-Nointot, in the lordly domain of the Prints of Calico.

The Monetary question became wearisome, the more so as Jules had already expended one half of his inheritance in the simple necessities of life, to wit: a package of cigarettes, and a dwarf meerschäum holder. He afterward fiercely hungered for meat and drink, and ere sun-flop of his second day of loneliness, he only had seven francs remaining in his purse.

CHAPTER IV.



SOMETHING had to be done. Jules was not an inventive genius, but he was keen at a bargain. One of his neighbors kept a small fruit stand, and he offered to give the poor orphan boy of nineteen an interest in that business, if he would assist him half of each day. Young Bombast saw his way clear to fortune, and accept-

ed the offer. In four months he had eaten up all the profits, and his partner sold him the stand and

its dilapidated appurtenances for the price of kindling wood.

But, like human nails, the turning-point in the career of Jules Bombast was close at hand. He soon found another partner, and between them they skinned a trade combination of banana importers. It was a bad slip up for the fruit syndicate, but it augmented the bank account of Bombast and Di Aberlie in a plethoric degree. It was Di Aberlie's little scheme, which was in itself sufficient cause for Bombast to take all the credit for its successful accomplishment. This led to an open rupture, and the firm dissolved. The senior partner said Di Aberlie did not belie his name; he was a cheat. The junior retorted by calling Bombast "*L'homme déplaisant*." Then all the neighbors cried "Good enough! So he is!" "But," quietly remarked Bombast to himself, "they will find that this surly bird catches the worm every time, and don't you fail to remember it!" His dupe said he most positively wouldn't, that the day was sure to come when he might have a chance to make it red hot for Bombast, and if ever the day aforesaid did arrive on schedule time, the disagreeable Jules would at once surmise that he had been keel-hauled by an eruption of Mount Etna. With these and a few *more bilious* compliments well off his stomach, Di

Aberlie lit out, and Bombast's double-soled boots were once more quiescent. "Let us draw a whale," as the rope said to the harpoon.

DENOUEMENT.

A streak of luck is never greased to order.

When addressing a mass meeting of his colored fellow-citizens, a political orator may with propriety advise them to march to the polls "shoulder to shoulder," but it would never do for him to say: "Ham to Ham."

The foolish people who were on the *qui vive* got safely off without the aid of a hook-and-ladder company.

The man with an ugly temper often gets into a pretty mess.

- What brand of hops is used to brew storms or trouble?
-

Financially speaking, the French are a franc people, while Italians are lires.—*Yonkers Statesman*. And the Spaniards all admit it doesn't peso well to trust the latter as the former nation.—*New York News*.

HELENE OF HOBOKEN.



I.

She was a fresh-faced innocent,
Just half-way through her teens;
Her father's gushing, only child,
Reared 'mid rude suburb scenes;
And, to the close observer, looked
Well fed on pork and beans.

II.

I met her on the "narrow gauge,"
In dreary, dubious weather;
Our train was stayed by drifted snow,
Great heaps packed close together.
She longing gazed into my face
And said, "Well, this licks leather!"

III.

Amazed I sat and looked at her,
 This girl so free from guile;
 "Stranger, we're blocked, and you can bet
 The whole of your sweet pile,
 There is no house or chopper's hut
 Nearer than fourteen mile!"

IV.

"My child!" quoth I, "do you not scare?
 See how the shadows thicken!
 The day's 'most done, and here are we,
 Worst humped than Gloster's Dickon."
 The clear, shrill voice came rippling forth,
 "Don't take me for a chicken!"

V.

Astounded at her uncouth speech,
 Silent I sat awhile;
 She chewed her knotted handkerchief
 Then beamed with sudden smile:
 "Say, who struck Billy Patterson?
 My dad has jist struck ile!"

VI.

I rose and paced that dim-lit car—
 Oh what a revelation!
 Could such things be within this great
 Æsthetic Yankee nation?
 Here was an heiress on a tour,
 Minus her education.

VII.

Ere long we heard the shouts of men,
And soon two engines puffing;
Relief was close at hand, it seemed—
So after hours of roughing
We reached the town, and, warmly stowed,
Began our stomachs stuffing.

VIII.

But ere I parted from the maid,
Who had my idols broken,
She said, "See here, if you are miffed,
I wish I'd never spoken.
So-long, ta-ta! Say, What's-your-name,
Come see us in Hoboken!"

There is more happiness in an ounce of contentment than there is in a ton of gold.—*Oil City Derrick*. Send on your ton of gold; we have forwarded our ounce of contentment.—*New York News*.

The maid-of-all-work was newly-imported, and as fresh as the contributor that writes on both sides of the paper. No one told her to trim the lamp-wick with one hand and grasp the white-heated globe with the other, but she felt very sore after the operation, and left in high dudgeon next morning to try her digits at some cooler job.

MACHINE MADE.

There was a young rustic named Mallory, who drew but a very small salary. When he went to a show, his purse made him go to a seat in the uppermost gallery.

"No dlinkee, no dlunkee!" was the sententious reply of a Mott street denizen, when asked by an American cousin to take a friendly nip at the inebriating bar-glass.

"Good wine needs no bush," but a bad boy will give a good whine when cut with a switch from the bush.

When that renowned fun-maker, Lieutenant Derby, the immortal "John Phoenix," was in California, he was always exasperating his brother officers by his levity. General Augur, then Captain Augur, was in the garrison with Phoenix, and, of course, they used to meet continually. Captain Augur had a large family, and Phoenix's morning salutation always was: "Good morning, Captain Augur; how are Mrs. Augur and all the little gimlets this morning?" Is it any wonder that poor Augur voted Derby a great bore?

WHY, AH WHY?

Why, my dear girl, does his sword-arm encircle
Your trim, tapering waist, as you cosily sit?
Why does contentment break out in a smirk all
Over his mouth, you demure little chit?
Why do you smile at his impudent dash?
Why does he sapiently smooth his mustache?

Can you be lovers, or has the flirtation
Suggested to each that the other is *spoons*?
Why do you shrug at my sly imputation—
Saddest coquette and luniest of loons?
Still does he nestle your cheek closer yet,
Oh, why let him do it; say why, Vi-o-let?

I don't know how all partnerships are built, but
it's good stout binding which makes a book firm.

Any man is a fool to know more than his wife,
and try to hide that knowledge from her.

What is this? It is a Young and Anxious
Father. Has It a bottle in Its Hand? Yes, and
there's a Big Label on the Small Bottle. What
does the Label spell? P-a-r-e-g-o-r-i-c. Where is
the Young and Anxious Father going? He is
going to the Bawl this Evening.

The poker travels by the grate through route.

No long-headed woman ever trusts to the sincerity of a lady friend.

Shad have their time to scale, and roes to shrivel at the fire's hot breath.

Osculation is the art of hitting the popular taste, and it is mostly hit with a Miss.

Hydrophobia is a natural sequel of the dog daze.

A maiden's appetite is always strong after the opera is over.

Human flesh begins to creep when it's so paralyzed that it can neither walk nor run.

Boarding house butter, as a rule, is stronger than the personal attractions of the landlady.

"Conservative" is the satirical name we apply to people so good that they are good for nothing.

The chap who narrowly escaped being struck with the flying granite from a blast said he had come within a stone's-throw of being rocked to sleep.

Every positive man is comparatively superlative.

"The best thing I ever read!" exclaimed a book reviewer, as he perused his uncle's will and found that the sensible lamented had left him a snug bequest.

"What on earth is the use of geology?" exclaimed a petulant school-girl. "Dig *in* the earth and find out," calmly replied the teacher.

Sent Per-Cent: The interest that is remitted by mail.

Woman's Writes: Her perennial N. B and P. S.

Walking along Madison Avenue (where I ought to own some eligible lots, but don't), I met a white-haired youth of four-score or thereabouts. He told me that he was visiting the metropolis for the first time in thirty-four years, "and," said he, with a face as long as the obelisk, "I notice, my dear sir, that the city didn't wait until I got back!" He was full of reminiscence. Men of his age should never take anything stronger.

The barber's maxim—"Let's soap on, soap ever!"

EYE-TEMS.

I.

She was a roguish maiden,
 Who smiling tipped the wink,
 As we met upon Fifth avenue—
 Last Wednesday eve, I think;
 But I am not a "masher,"
 And she seemed rather shy;
 Her fancy but a passing whim—
 In fact, all in her eye.

II.

A pair of jolly toppers
 Sat guzzling late at night;
 They sang, "We won't go home until
 To-morrow's broad daylight!"
 I watched 'em clink their glasses,
 And said, "They soon will lie
 In drunken slumber, for that boast
 Is only in their 'rye.'"

III.

An egotist came to me,
 And talked three hours, or more,
 About himself; in all my life
 I ne'er met such a bore.
 What he had done was wonderful;
 What he might do— Oh, my!
 You wouldn't half believe the half,
 And—'twas all in his "I."

IV.

Although there lurks a moral
Within this modest lay,
Don't waste your time in hunting it—
The search will not repay.
I've jotted down the verses,
And, if they do not "pi,"
Soon, in the nobbiest brevier,
They'll catch the reader's eye.

Do nothing rashly unless it is catching the scarlet fever.

If you do your duty you will never have any spare time to attend to other people's business, unless they hire you for that express purpose.

Cry of the cough mixture peddler: "My kingdom for a ho(a)rse!"

It isn't every man who can present an idea, after it has presented itself.

What scribblers of paradox we all are! A prominent citizen's health breaks down, and we set it in type: "His system is gradually breaking up."

The daring laureate who rhymed "bombast" with "mainmast" is unkempt, unhammered and unstrung.

"A self-made man," as the phrase goes, begins at the bottom of the ladder and ends at the foot of the grave.

Ireland has been called "the tight little island," because it is considerably more than half seas over.

Philosophy goes to the rear when an icy pavement holds its own by sliding you into the gutter.

A sentimentalist says, "Fill your house with beauty." That's what the man tried to do who married a widow with nine eligible and attractive daughters.

Uneasy lies the head that holds a lying tongue.

A strain of music—tightening the strings of a violin.

The skeptic who wanted more light has been presented with a box of matches.

They intimate in Konigsburg that the bust of Kant can't be bust.

"That Mersey I to others show, that Mersey show to me!" exclaimed the panoramic artist as he approached Liverpool harbor for the first time.

The longitude of a romping girl's laugh is counted East or West from Grin-witch.

"He that spareth the rod" disliketh to see his son take it and go fishing.

One of our chums, a breezy yachtsman, who was absent from home on a two months' cruise, said that he wrote to his wife every week, and "centre-board" money. We keeled over.

Among hundreds of English artists who scratch for a living is Mr. Heywood Sumner, who appropriately illustrated "The Itchen Valley."

A HIGHWAY PARADOX.—I could never understand why good-natured citizens build their houses on cross streets.

There are many ways of bringing up boys, but the good old fashion of bringing them up with a round turn is the best for their morals.

A city firm advertises for a boy with a mechanical taste. One sciened in jellies and preserves need not apply.

ON THE BEACH.

I.

"Cling to me, love!" I heard him say,
As carefully they picked their way
Across the Coney sands.
"O George!" she murmured, "are you sure
That we are perfectly secure,
Between two rival bands?"

II.

"Hear the wild blare of Gilmore's crowd!
Why, Arbuckle's not half so loud,
And yet he dins my ear;
Now, George, this may be music, still
I much prefer to have the shrill,
Long crow of Chanticleer."

III.

And then she smiled an angel's grin
On the lank store-clerk, taken in
By Beauty's artful scheme:
She tapped him on his porte-monnaie,
And thirteen times that summer day
She struck him for ice-cream.

One bitter cold day I said something funny,
probably by accident. Posterity will freeze to it
long after the author is put on ice.

Modesty is such a rare virtue that most folks
blush to own it.

CONNUBIAL.

"When the waves are hushed and the winds are low,
And the starry splendors of night are furled,
And the sweet dawn kindles the beacon glow
On the beetling walls of yon mountain world"—

O, then doth your darling rouse your ire,
With a nudge in the ribs and a random kick,
And lovingly murmurs: "Hal, make the fire,
For your poor little precious is tired and sick."

A road-agent may not know much about grammar, but he is certainly in the imperative mood when he shouts: "Stand and deliver!"

THE CLEVER CITIZEN.

There was a man in Gotham town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a Broadway coach,
With dust in both his eyes.
But when he found he had no "change,"
With firm grasp on his cane,
He pulled the strap, jumped nimbly out,
And walked the pave again.

'Tis easier to collect a crowd than a dollar from
it in the name of charity.

One of the best things Artemus Ward ever got off was a new sixty-dollar overcoat.

The ocean steamer which breaks its shaft depends on its sails. So does the man who makes shafts.

A little cloud,
 An oath aloud,
 A broomstick's flight, aerial;
 Another swear,
 A clutch at hair—
 The rest is—immaterial.

It has been estimated that the common fly moves its wings 330 times per second, and 19,800 times per minute. The calculation was made by a bald-headed man one day last August.

AFTER-DINNER SENTIMENT.

Here's to the lass who is witty and fair!
 Here's to the girl, independent!
 A toast to the maidens with wavy blonde hair—
 And another to brunettes, resplendent!
 Here's to the lovely, impressible sex,
 That men in their dotage most flatter!
 A "smile" for the glance, which is Passion's reflex,
 And may Cupid his barbs widely scatter!

Oh, I could not live solitary. I can never be happy unless I can say "we."—*Frederika Bremer*.
An esteemed contemporary, by Jupiter!

When laughter is holding both its sides, it seems funny how it gets such a grip on our risibilities.

How many people there are in this bustling world that are never happy unless they are brimful of fret!

As milk is not improved by condensing, it differs greatly from literature.

"Charity begins at home," and in ten cases out of every dozen it stops there.

The strong-minded feminines who aspire to a higher life steadily object to a life of hire.

"Principles live forever," but interest dies when the mortgage is lifted.

Who is this Sober-Looking citizen? He's a newspaper Funny Man. Are all Humorous Writers sober? No, they Are often Intoxicated by Success.

I notice disputatious articles in the daily papers about the existence of George Washington's will. In Martha's time such a preposterous idea was never tolerated at Mount Vernon.

ON THE ROAD.



IT and Beauty, out sleigh-
riding,
On a frosty day,
Nimbly o'er the ice-crust
sliding,
SPEEDED far away.

Far away across the valleys,
Thro' the leafless wold—
Beauty simpered at the sallies
Wit to Echo told;

Echo laughed, and loud the
chorus
Rang thro' forest aisles—

“Life and Love are gay before us,
Never mind the miles!”

Thus spake Wit, and foolish Beauty
Giggled at his glee:
Seldom thoughts of stern-faced Duty
Worry such as she.

Sorrow came not long thereafter—
Beauty's tears flowed fast;
All forgotten, Wit's wild laughter,
Graciously smirked the past.

Happiness a gibbering spectre,
Jollity a dream—
Weeds and cypress now bedecked her,
Woe drove Wit's tired team.

Drove it slowly thro' the portal
Of Death's drear domain—
Life and Love, like Wit, are mortal,
Snowflakes melt in rain.


Whenever any one of Her Majesty's servants in scarlet performs an extra brave deed, Victoria thoughtfully says to herself, "I am so overjoyed that I intend to make a Knight of it."

A "RINGING" SPEECH: Why don't they come to the door? Confound it, I've jerked the bell off its wire!"

An awkward boy is a chip of the old stumbling block.

It isn't every man who is competent to enjoy a competency.

It is easier to write a snappy editorial than a sensible love letter.

 "Mother" is the first lady in the land.

QUIRKS AND QUERIES.

Is there anything more inn-dependent than a hotel chandelier?

Why doesn't Sara Bernhardt take kindly to Shakespeare and perform "Symbol-lean?"

Don't cocoa-nuts come higher than most fruits? I mean on the trees.

Is not the average pocket-diary an unfinished romance?

When you have nothing to say, why speak of it?

While prairie dogs live in villages, as it were, can anybody deny they should more properly be styled burrows?

Isn't it the Dey after the fair when the ruler of Morocco is ogling a pretty woman?

What becomes of the lesson that is thrown away?

What would our little big men do if the phrase "well known" was expunged from the newspapers?

Haven't you all found it a rough tussle to keep up appearances and keep down creditors at the same time?

BLITHE AND BRIEF.

Jealousy becomes its own contemner, after it is too late to repair its mischiefs.

Idleness is the loafer's sinecure.

Small-pox pits itself against the world.

Babies are the coupons on the bonds of matrimony.

A man may be immersed in thought without being bathed in perspiration.

Newspapers occasionally pay cash for reports which are not credited.

Great men slip down in winter and slip up at all seasons.

Like many English bound volumes cheap notoriety is only top-gilt.

Four Texan newspapers are edited by women, but the rougher sex lock up their forms.

Several of America's most prominent book reviewers *lie* in a very critical condition.

FACTS AND FREAKS.

Luck is nothing more than Opportunity spurred by Labor.

A musical paper, entitled the *Cornet*, is now threatened. It will be the mouthpiece of America's brass bands and show-beef butchers.

"The press is mighty and will prevail," said the susceptible maiden, when she was hugged by her stalwart lover.

The humorist who thirsts for fame must be a dry joker.

It is rough on an old maid to open the morning paper at an advertisement headed, "Make your children a present of a new suit of clothes."

Lawyers will starve when the world turns honest.

Good Sir Walter did not originate the exclamation, "Great Scott!" He was not an egotist.

"There is nothing strikes a stranger so forcibly" as the policeman who takes him in.

Honor is oftener on the tongue than on the conscience.

The rim of a wheel is always tired out. They never put the tire inside.

The one-armed veteran has an off-hand way of doing things.

Every Irishman that goes to Florida doesn't become an Orangeman.

It takes a seine man to tell a fish story, and if he owns his net he doesn't have to hire a haul.

DeWitt Talmage quite lately offered to give \$1000 for distribution among the poor if any one should prove him guilty of plagiarism. How much will he give if it isn't proved?

At Holyoke, in Massachusetts, forty men turn out a million postal cards each working day. No wonder postmistresses are getting haggard and discouraged. Their curiosity can no longer keep *up with the procession*.

SHE'S PRETTIEST WHEN SHE POUTS !

I.

She's a cherub, if there ever was
 An angel without wings,
 This cunning, charming, chatty Coz,
 Just out of leading-strings.
 She's luscious as a ripened pear,
 All prudery she scouts—
 She's always handsome, but I'll swear
 She's prettiest when she pouts!

II.

Her nether lip, so tempting then,
 I press in token mute
 That I will challenge all the men,
 Who dare her will dispute.
 Her heart is touched at my concern
 For woman's whims and doubts,
 And though her cheeks with blushes burn,
 She's prettiest when she pouts!

III.

Ah, little Coz, you cannot know
 The mischief that's been played
 Within my breast; sad overthrow
 Of wise resolves you've made.
 I'm hooked and booked among the score
 Of love-sick, silly louts
 Who every grace and freak adore,
 And rave, whene'er she pouts.

“MY SON-IN-LAW, SIR.”

Timmins said so, and Timmins, you are now told, and must remember, was an authority. It was Timmins, the grocer, who told Smuttyface, the blacksmith, and he in turn revealed it to Geoffrey Glucose, Esq., the opulent sugar-refiner, who had built the most stylish villa in the pretty country town where Christopher Chub had lived all his life.

Glucose impatiently, perhaps condescendingly, listened to Smuttyface, and then remarked that it was absurd. “Yes, sir, absurd; and Kit Chub will find it out to his sorrow!”

And then the great man paid Smuttyface for one full set of shoes and two “removes,” a matter-of-fact expense brought about by the high-stepping of his favorite mare Starlight, whom he forthwith mounted, and turned her sagacious nose toward the vapors of the mighty city.

What was absurd?

What would Kit Chub find out to his sorrow?

Ah, let’s go and ask Timmins!

The little, dried-up, spoon-visaged grocer had known Chub from boyhood; from “Chub-by infancy,” he once facetiously told the schoolmaster. In fact, until within a year past, Timmins had been the guardian of Christopher, who was a full orphan.

Too full for utterance when he lost his good mother.

At the age of twenty-one, "Kit Chub," as his associates delighted to call the manly young fellow, came into possession of a moderate fortune, that Timmins and another executor had carefully turned and returned, in obedience to the last will and testament of Margaret Chub, the widow of the late Zephaniah Chub, attorney and counselor, deceased.

Zephaniah Chub died when Kit was only a curly-headed prattler in bib-and-tucker, and that, too, in such a hurry that he had no time to bless his only child. The upsetting of a pleasure yacht and Zephaniah's inability to swim had caused another name to be graven on the family vault of the Chubs, and deprived the frail young wife of the mournful privilege of laving his marble brow with "the fruitful river of the eye."

Her husband's body was never recovered. His life-insurance money, however, was handed over without a murmur.

After a year's seclusion, Margaret Chub beamed again on society, with a house and lot on the most exclusive street in Hightone, besides twenty thousand dollars in government sixes, recorded in her own name; and consumption's merciless grip on her vitals.

All this and more (except the malady) was her dear boy's inheritance. She tried hard to live for

him, but it was not to be, and so on a beautiful summer twilight, she lovingly laid her wan cheek next to his stout young heart, and slept the un-awakening slumber.

Everybody had liked gentle Margaret Chub, so everybody grieved with poor Kit, and made his mother's funeral an event in Hightone.

School, apprenticeship, independence. At sixteen Kit had been articed to his father's old law partner, who was co-executor with Timmins, and at twenty-one he was thoroughly disgusted with "Greenleaf on Evidence" and red tape on musty documents.

But he doted on the peach-bloom of Mabel Colby's cheek, and folks talked freely of the suitableness of the match.

Mabel was his preceptor's daughter, and moreover, an only child, with a heavy silver lining to the prospective cloud of her father's positive dissolution in due course of remorseless time.

So the well-mated young couple billed and cooed, petted and pouted, sighed and sulked and courted under a fond old man's nose and approval.

Then came a speculative temptation to Kit.

Six months of worry and only one brief hour of financial whirlwind.

He was penniless.

Glucose called him a fool.

Timmins said: "How stupid!"

Old Colby remarked: "Not a bit like his father!"

Smuttysface groaned: "Ah, had he only struck when the iron was hot!"

The schoolmaster muttered: "Poor foolish boy; but it will *make* him, though, or I'm mistaken."

Mabel cried, and vowed, like Mrs. Micawber, that she'd never desert him. The neighbors shrugged their shoulders and advanced and hedged on a dozen score opinions. Tanhide, the schoolmaster, was right, and Mabel Colby proved herself a trump.

Kit moped one week, and the next scraped acquaintance with a Connecticut clock-peddler, and engaged with him as first lieutenant of the "Dial Guards," as he nominated the metallic and fancy veneered cases of his "new and superior line of goods." All Hightone held up his hands and noses in aristocratic horror. Zephaniah Ohub's son a clock-peddler! Who'd have thought it?

"Well, well, he has run down," chorused the gossips.

Old Colby was incensed, and Kit wisely avoided the house.

Timmins, who was frugal and industrious himself, liked "the boy's spirit," as he called it.

Smuttysface told it to Geoffrey Glucose, Esq.,

as I have before noted, and added, with a knowing leer, "We will watch and see how the thing winds up."

Glucose, who hated puns almost as much as he detested a revenue officer, was tempted to lay hands on the blacksmith and strangle him then and there, but restrained himself, and merely remarked on the absurdity of Kit's choice, and how he would find it out to his sorrow.

Mabel smuggled delicate little notes to Kit and intimated that she gloried in his pluck, which certainly was quite a concession to be made by a refined young lady.

Kit pressed his lips to the consolatory missives and started West with a big lot of patent nickel-plated self-winders.

He literally took time by the fore-lock and Leadville by storm.

In thirteen weeks he had cleared enough money to buy out his employer, and buy in a mining claim.

In sixty days more the sight of a patent nickel-plated self-winder made him think only of the days of his adversity.

In another sixty days he was worth more than enough to make Richard Colby gracious, and wisely sold out at the first best offer.

It came from Wall street, and from Glucose, who.

had gone daft on mining stocks, and invested all in Kit's discarded bonanza.

To-day the stylish villa belongs to Christopher Chub, Esq., the people's candidate for Congress.

Richard Colby has recanted and now says: "My son-in-law, sir, is a shrewd, practical man; a regular chip off the old block;" seeming all the while oblivious of the fact that Zephaniah went down like a log.

Smuttyface is more than satisfied with the winding up, as Kit owns Starlight now, and a half-dozen other fast trotters.

Tanhide, the schoolmaster, has retired on the bounty of his former pupil, and is actually writing a romance with the title: "Blood is Thicker than Water."

Timmins is looked up to by people who are physically a head and shoulders above him. He is still accepted as a great authority on wheat, whisky, and weather, but sensibly sticks to plain statements and an old-established business.

Mabel Chub, *née* Colby, has a patent nickel-plated self-winder in every room of "Chateau Colorado" (the new name of "Glucose Grange") and with a woman's intuitive recognition of the eternal fitness of things has given the clock peddler's patronymic to her baby boy.

Kit is still absurd, but very happy. He is popular with the right sort of people, and enough of them; so he will not be left in the political lurch. Let us hope that Congressional honors may not turn his head or scar his heart; and may he never find a sorrow.

"One of the brightest of our exchanges," said a hayseed editor, as he tossed a new dime over the beer counter.

Desdemona didn't live long enough to kiss Othello for his smother.

How queer it looks to fit up a cat-boat with dog wood!

Men who have their lives insured also have their deaths assured.

Joaquin Miller calls attention to "the dusk-brown dawn." Other poets have been content with "rose-color" or "gray" day-break.

Every man with both arms perfect is a two-wrist. This joke will probably travel and thus become another tourist.

A BREAKFAST BREEZE.

On a recent morning when Dame Nature wore her most Erebus-like frown, prudent neighbor Filkins advised Mrs. F. not to venture to church in her new brocade grenadine, piped with old gold. Looking pityingly across the breakfast table the lady mildly suggested: "Some men are born fools!" Timothy winced, but was equal to the occasion as he aggravatingly rested his spoon: "There are more grounds in your coffee, madam, than for such an assertion." She bounced from the room as if the garters of her extra-length balbriggans had suddenly been transformed into electric eels.

All proper enough to talk about tennis playing, but what an outrage on grammar to say "ten is playing."

In warm weather the blue-blooded Knickerbockers sweat drops of indigo.

Five dollars was the fee paid "Little Woman" Alcott for her first story. We didn't get five cents for ours.

India has the third best credit and the first worst climate in the world.

BEWARE!

I.

Keep wakeful eye and ear, my friend
For all mankind;
Thou canst not know or tell, my friend,
What lurks behind
The flattering speech, the gracious smile—
How little truth, how much of guile,
Is hid within the heart the while.
Beware!

II.

Remember, e'en thyself, my friend,
Hast crafty grown;
Consider how Deceit, my friend,
Erst deeply sown
Within thy breast, slow fed upon
Its kindlier nature, until won
The victory o'er thy peace undone,
Beware!

III.

Ah, Life's a losing game, my friend,
A taunting blank—
When Love itself is tricked, my friend,
By wealth and rank;
Take counsel of thy wit, and seek
No favors that thy feelings pique—
Of both the fawning and the meek
Beware!

IV.

Trust him who makes thee pay, my friend,
 And squarely, too,
 For all he grants; 'tis he, my friend,
 Alone that's true.
 He hath no subterfuge, no plan
 To cheat or cozen; such a man
 Thou canst respect, and waive this ban:
 "Beware!"

HER CRITICISM.

I found the yarn dove-tailed into the *Paris Gossip* of our biggest daily, and concluded it was either good or bad enough to read aloud, so cleared my throat and rehearsed the marvelous narrative thus:

"A foreign count was years ago hurried one night out of bed and arrested for a political offence. Ere his dreams had been quite forgotten he was dressed by those who had spied out his abode and dragged him to prison. It happened to be rather a dark one. The day after this occurrence he began to think how terrible it would be to live long in such a location with nothing to do, and as he thought, he fumbled about his coat pockets. While doing so he found four pins which he had stuck in the lining of one of his frock tails, in case he might re-

quire one. He held the four for some moments, then flung them right and left about his narrow cell. It was a quiet one, but, listen with all the intensity he could, there was no way of knowing where they had fallen. He therefore went down on all fours and carefully felt about, sprawling in every direction, until he had recovered them. Then he got up and recommenced scattering them for the sake of another exciting hunt. This he did six and seven times a day, and when he was sleepless, for six long years. Napoleon III. died, then Victor Emanuel, and the count was set at liberty. The four pins were kept, and a *comtesse* is to wear the brooch they are enshrined in. This story only teaches that all must take an interest in life, and the most exciting the best under the pressure of grief. The *comte* has related that had he lost one of his four pins he could not have endured captivity. Each time he flung them about he fancied they were quite lost, and the ardor with which he crawled over his prison floor was equal to that of the chase. Books, papers and pens were denied him."

The silence which choked my utterance was barbaric. "I think, my love," said I, turning to the pride of my heart and downfall of my capital, who had quietly resumed the contemplation of "Bonnie England" through the spectacles of the Danbury

humorist—"I think—in fact, my o-pin-ion is—that it must have been a remarkably tight cell."

She merely replied: "Yes; but then it's a French sell, you know."

MISERLY CULLEN.

I am not far off when I call Joe Cullen a near neighbor, because he is too close to be called otherwise. He styles his ruling passion "Economy," and regards himself as a model of financial acumen. The reason that the eagle doesn't scream, when Joe clutches a ten cent piece, is simply because there is no such ornithological image on that coin. Cullen will never set the Hudson River afire, for he is too stingy to buy a match and too loath to strike it, even if it cost him nothing. He is so much opposed to disbursing his income that he actually hates to spend the time required to save his money. When he was a boy he had sense enough to buy marbles, but, unlike other boys, he kept them snugly in his trowsers' pockets. I mean the cents, of course. Here's where he made a big miscalculation, for one thirsty morning his father went through Joe's breeches, and finding sufficient to get an "eye-opener," he didn't hesitate to shut his son's eye up. Joe, however, got even with his dad by growing, in time, to exactly to the same height as

Cullen senior. It is twenty years since Joe was married, and his poor wife distinctly remembers every hungry minute of them all, for the day has never come 'round when she got a square meal. Every month or so she threatens a divorce, for she says she can't live diverse with a skinflint husband.

At first, Cullen favored the idea, as he thought it would reduce domestic expenses, but when a lawyer gratuitously (?) informed him that he would be mulcted in alimony, he lost all faith in the separate maintenance scheme; and it isn't often that Cullen loses interest in anything. Joe Cullen has been known to drive six miles out of his road to save a three-cent toll, and in the meantime worry himself sick at the mean time he had trying to hedge so important a sum. He would rather break his own word, or his wife's heart, than break an engagement to collect a bill that was owing to him. To evidence my affection for men of this kidney, I love to reflect upon the causes which led Mr. Bright to invent his famous disease. Don't get mad, reader Joe, and expose yourself, for if you do everybody will say: "Why, his name isn't Cullen!"

Montana's bounty for bear-scalps is twenty-four dollars, but thrice that sum wouldn't tempt me to trust my bare scalp in Montana over night.

HOW I AWOKE.

A HOLIDAY RHYME.

Last Christmas Eve, when wearied by the care,
That seams the brow and silver-tints the hair,
I sat me down to ponder o'er the deep
And puzzling problems which deny us sleep;
But soon tired nature held a gentle thrall,
And on my drowsy senses cast its pall.

How long I slept, heed not; and yet 'twould seem
A life-time passes in a single dream.
Swift flew the years, since erst a happy boy,
Methought the world, a bauble, and a toy.
How hastened youth, Ambition's chief ally—
And how strong manhood's cycles speeded by!

Joy had its hour, and Grief its lingering day—
Fame but a shade, and mortals senseless clay—
Age filled the scene, that age itself absorbs,
With tottering step, frail mind, and sightless orbs—
I saw each phase of earthly sin and strife,
In these weird pictures of a listless life.

Perception drowns in a chaotic sea—
The light fades out, as Stupor clutches me,
With vice-like grip, to hold my head beneath
The sable-crested waves that toss and seeth.
Down, down, I drop still further in the pool—
Above the storm-winds shriek! "Alack, poor fool!"

Ha! what or who is this, that grabs me tight?
Lost is my soul in such unequal fight—
The demon triumphs, jerks me to its lair—
But soft, I'm wide awake, and by my chair,
The only daughter bellows in each ear
"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A GLAD NEW YEAR!"

PERT PROVERBS.

Hope is the froth on life's overflowing mug.
Reason is the gauge of truth and ridicule the test
of temper.

'Tis easier to miss the train than train the miss.

How can you ever get square with this spherical
world?

What a satire on humanity is an old man of
twenty-five years!

The mouth of the river often takes in a bight of
the bay.

True humor is choice in quality and scant in
quantity.

Trying to scale a precipice is a game of bluff.



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